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SCOTLAND'S KESWICK



NORMAN C. MACFARLANE



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SCOTLAND'S KESWICK *Teaching*

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES

BY THE REV.

NORMAN C. MACFARLANE

Juniper Green

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To
ANNIE LIVINGSTON MACFARLANE,
Sharer
In the Memories and Pleasures.

PREFACE

THIS book is a humble effort at chronicling a religious movement in Scotland. There are few records of it, little more than dry minutes of Committee and forgotten paragraphs in religious journals. It would be wrong to represent it as an easy task. In the absence of record one had to trust much to recollection. I have been impelled to this attempt by the conviction that no one has appeared who was likely to do it. If not done now, many things would necessarily be lost in the engulfing of the years.

The movement that is sketched so sketchingly in this book is not too well known. It deserves wider acquaintance. It would bring deep happiness.

Some may ask, Why deal so largely in personal detail? There are two answers. Addresses and mere statements of doctrine are often deadly dull, and are, as a rule, too academic for popular instruction. The Scriptures weave their greatest themes around and into personal experiences. Then again, Scotland has a small population. The smaller the population the deeper the popular interest in its leaders. Scotsmen have always had a profound interest in the history and qualities of those who have led its movements. And they always enjoy, without undue and useless curiosity, snapshots by

Preface

pen and pencil. The writer has no pencil. He trusts his pen-sketches may help the theme and object of Scotland's Annual Convention.

As the Movement has now had its Habitation in Scotland for twenty-five years, that period entitles it to more permanent record than the journalistic paragraph.

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PART I

CHAPTER I

SCOTLAND'S KESWICK

ITS HABITATION

CONVENTIONS are, to some types of mind, a scare. They savour of the specialist. Yet specializing, with all its drawbacks, has advantages. Men in every branch of Science, Industry and Art, meet to confer on their own particular theme. It is easy to raise objections to such conferences. They narrow men's vision. They cut the threads that bind together and interlace all parts of life. They develop cranks. They breed bigots. All this may have elements of truth. Everything has its dangers. But if the Critics found themselves in the grip of a grave illness, would they trust themselves implicitly to the average practitioner? Would they ignore the able and brilliant specialist? Fine-spun theories break under the pressure of reality and practice.

Now there are many Christians who have found help in coming together for fellowship on spiritual themes. There are also multitudes who are dissatisfied with their Christian experience. Somehow

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it lacks colour and triumph and joy. The vibrant air of the New Testament bewilders them. They read with amazement the Acts of the Apostles. They listen yearningly to the victorious voice of St. Paul, and the triumphant notes of St. John. In the light of all this their own experience is bleached and disappointing. They long for the New Testament tone, when the skies "put off their hodden grey for mother-of-pearl." It is this longing that has created Conventions like Scotland's Keswick. They have sprung up all over the country. They have had assailants. Of course. So have had the Gospel, and Salvation by Grace, and the New Testament itself. Assaults are no disparagement. It may be true that some who attend Conventions do not, by practice, commend them. That holds also of every profession and trade. Yet professions and trades are not condemned and discarded because a member here and there fails to adorn them. There are casualties in every campaign. Some who attend Conventions may ride their theme as if there was not another horse in all the world. That is a madness that occasionally crops up in all sorts of circles, secular and sacred. To unhorse these men would be a service. The quickening of the spiritual life may be effected in various ways. Seasons of revival bring many to Conversion, and bring others, already converted, to a deeper Consecration. Sometimes the mere gathering together of men raises the spiritual temperature. One man who is more or less in a glow may infect others, and it may pass from soul to soul. The preaching of the Gospel and the devotional parts

Its Habitation

of the Sanctuary service most certainly help. Conferences about Christian work, and the best ways of it, set an edge often on one's spirit. All these and other methods are good. The meetings that are held at Keswick are for the deepening of spiritual life. In that respect they do not differ from many other meetings. For example, the Communion services in the Highlands, which go on for five days on end, possess elements that quicken and deepen spiritual experience. People gather in large numbers from other parishes to the Sacramental Feast. There is a spiritual something in the mere congregating. Men feel it. Then the very continuance, day after day, in fellowship on high themes, has in itself a marked effect on mind and heart. In these and other respects Keswick Conventions are precisely like other spiritual gatherings. Where Keswick differs is in this, that it has one supreme method, and one only, for the quickening and deepening of the soul's life. Whatever quickens and deepens, also sanctifies the soul. And Keswick has applied itself specially to the subject of Sanctification. It is in the first place a doctrinal subject. It is in the next place an intensely practical one. It is for the sake of the practical that the doctrinal is of value. The Keswick position is that in Scripture Sanctification comes by Faith, and not in any other way. Some Christians deny that. The object of this book is to state the Keswick position and the objections taken to it, and to give glimpses of the men who have carried the torch into our midst.

Scotland's Keswick

In Scotland for the last twenty-five years there has been an Annual Convention, which every year has lasted four days at a time. It has occupied itself with this great subject of Sanctification. That is the Convention which is called "Scotland's Keswick." There were local conventions held here and there through the country. It was felt eminently desirable that there should be a Scottish National Convention, meeting in some central spot, and meeting regularly every year. It was at the Keswick Convention of 1891 that this idea gained ventilation. There, one evening, a meeting of Scottish people was convened. At that meeting a Committee was appointed to confer and to act. A few weeks later that Committee met in Glasgow and decided to start. Many places of meeting were discussed. Ultimately Bridge-of-Allan was chosen from the list of eligibles. It was central. It had a good service of trains. There was ample lodging accommodation. Bridge-of-Allan was a happy choice. Then, the name and title of the Convention had to be considered. The desire was to make it descriptively full and clear. It was called "The Scottish National Christian Convention for the Deepening of Spiritual Life." This name did not suffer from brevity! Unfortunately it has not attracted. It has rather cooled people by its trailing itself into two lines, at least, of print. People have hurried past as if they did not have the time to read it through. The date for the Convention was also fixed. It was to be held in the June of each year. Dr. Ferguson of Kinmundy was

Its Habitation

appointed Treasurer and was asked to collect subscriptions. Calder, the tentmaker at Leith, supplied a fine large marquee, which was substantially floored. It was seated for 2,000 people. The Convention met for the first time on Monday evening, the 18th day of June, 1892.

All the pulpits of Bridge-of-Allan welcomed the Convention. On the preceding Lord's Day the Rev. James Miller, of Chalmers Church, preached a beautiful and most appropriate sermon on *Abide in Me*. He devoted the entire day to the Convention. He closed his Church services with a large prayer-meeting at which many took part. That Sunday evening was crowned by an evangelistic gathering. It numbered fully 600, and it was the very first service held in the tent. The tent was erected the day before, and stood in its virgin freshness awaiting the Convention. The first officials of that Convention were Mr. Robert Wilson of Broughton Grange, *Chairman*; Mr. William Ferguson, LL.D., of Kinmundy, *Treasurer*; and Rev. William D. Moffat of Edinburgh, *Convener*. They held these positions for several years. The meetings proper began always on a Monday evening, and continued till Friday. Those four days of annual festival were seasons of Red-letters.

Mr. John Erskine of Bridge-of-Allan volunteered ready and willing aid to every inquirer after lodgings. He was a succourer of many.

Donations flowed in abundantly. The first year the collections at the tent door reached £198. Everything went with a swing.

Scotland's Keswick

The forming of a choir for the Convention was entrusted to Miss Lees of Edinburgh. She had often been at Keswick. She was at all the Edinburgh meetings in the 'eighties, and at the Glasgow and Parkhall Conventions. She was a singer and instrumentalist. She got a capital choir together. In later years that important service passed to the hands of Miss Adair Ferguson of Kinmundy, who gave herself heartily to it.

The various meetings that specially led up to this National Convention will now be noticed.

CHAPTER II

THE ROOTS

(a) Keswick Convention

IN 1873-74 there was a spiritual thrill in the air. Two American Evangelists, Mr. Dwight Moody and Mr. Ira Sankey, began a remarkable work in the North of England. When they reached Edinburgh and Glasgow their preaching and singing roused these cities. The fire fell from Heaven. The whole country north of the Tweed was in a ferment. In London two other Americans, of quite different type, were creating a striking impression. They

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were the Rev. Dr. William Boardman and Mr. Pearsall Smith. Breakfast gatherings were held for ministers all over the great Metropolis. At these morning meals Dr. Boardman and Mr. Pearsall Smith voiced the passion that was in their hearts. It was a passion for an intenser Christian experience. Out of those morning meetings arose a small gathering of sixteen people. They met one afternoon in May, 1873, for heart-to-heart fellowship. To this day that select gathering is spoken of as the fountain-head of the Keswick movement. It was then that the Rev. Evan Hopkins, who is the honoured patriarch of the Teaching, entered into a larger light. The Rev. E. W. Moore of Wimbledon was one of the famous sixteen. In July, 1874, a Camp Convention was held. It was at Broadlands, Hampshire, the stately mansion of the Cowper-Temples. Among the hundred guests invited were Pearsall Smith, Ion Keith Falconer, Theodore Monod, John Pulsford, Andrew Jukes, George Macdonald and Evan Hopkins—a suggestive mixture! Lord Palmerston, whose home Broadlands had been, looked down on the guests from his fine portrait on the wall. The camp lasted for six days. Many besides the invited hundred came. It was truly a season beside the Galilean lake.

It was there that Theodore Monod, whose French brilliance and deep spirituality were impressive, composed his memorable hymn, “None of Self and All of Thee.”

A still larger Convention was proposed. It was held two months later at Oxford. The streets

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resounded with footsteps as over a thousand people hurried along to a seven o'clock prayer meeting every morning. It was there that Canon Battersby of Keswick passed into a great illumination. He had always a countenance of unusual beauty. People said he carried the Ten Commandments in his Face. That face now became a picture of the Sermon on the Mount. The Canon's name is inlaid in diamonds on the history of the Keswick Convention. At the Oxford Convention a discovery was made in the wife of Mr. Pearsall Smith. She outshone her husband in the amazing impression made by her fresh and inspiring addresses. They were "worthy of recording words." During these days the city of culture put on robes of a heavenlier kind. Those spiritual treasures her colleges could not unlock, now became the possession of many.

What Oxford could not, Jesus did,
Bared to my eyes the depths of grace,
And all the unguess'd treasures hid
Beneath the dust of commonplace.

So great was the uplift and refreshing that a still larger Convention was proposed. It was for the following summer. Brighton was selected. To that gay resort seven or eight thousand people gathered for the meetings. Mr. Pearsall Smith was in the chair. When he called on the various nationalities to respond, twenty-three different groups rose from as many countries. At one point in these interesting services a slip of paper was handed to the Chairman. It was a request for light on some

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doctrinal difficulty. The paper passed from hand to hand on the platform. No one responded. A voice cried out for Webb-Peploe. Others took up the cry. The place was immediately alive with Webb-Peploe's name. He had come merely as a spectator. He was immensely respected. He was very able. He rose with modesty in answer to these calls. Thus there came on the scene for the first time one who has been a tower of strength and light ever since. The outstanding speakers of this memorable season were Mrs. Pearsall Smith and M. Theodore Monod. Canon Battersby announced that he purposed holding a Convention at Keswick three or four weeks later. He invited friends to come.

Keswick lies among the Cumberland hills. Skiddaw towers over it as monarch. The beautiful lake of Derwentwater with its tree-clad islands lies a little distance away. From the terrace at Canon Battersby's Church there opens a vision of entrancing scenery. Two Scotsmen walking together came to that point. They stood in silent admiration. After a time one asked, "What do you think of it, friend?" "Why, man, it's like two things. It's like Scotland, and it's like Heaven!"

Quite near that terrace in Keswick lies the grave of Frederick Myers. He was the famous son of Canon Battersby's predecessor. He had wandered from his father's Faith. The regions of Unbelief he soon found to be dreary and howling—a ghoulish land. He sought back. By strange routes of Dreams and Ghosts he returned. He became a

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leader in Psychological Research. He died at Rome before age laid her hand on him. His magnificent poem on St. Paul startles one with its burning and flaming splendours. At the other end of Keswick Southey lies buried, and Coleridge's old house still stands.

The Keswick Convention was born in travail. Canon Battersby and his henchman, Mr. Robert Wilson of Broughton Grange, were its founders. On the eve of its opening a telegram was handed in on the point of a spear. It created a dilemma and threw those two men in sharp prayer on God. They lifted up a cry. The meetings were about to begin and they had no speakers.

Speakers came as by winds of Heaven. The Convention was opened on Monday, June 28, 1875. That small bud has since opened to great fulness. From its tent that collapsed in a storm to another which underwent several operations of enlargement, it is one romantic tale of expansion.

Two huge tents now accommodate between them audiences of nearly 5,000. It is one of the striking phenomena of the world that a Convention which professes and teaches one single truth, Sanctification by Faith, should still have youth and vigour after an existence of over forty years. That of itself should stir people to go and see the wonder. It surely meets one of the deep needs of the soul. It is from this Convention of world-wide influence that the Scottish Convention immediately sprang.

Those candid friends who say that Keswick stands for perfectionism may be surprised to hear that the

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very first address at the first Convention was on Hosea xiv. It called on all the hearers to humble themselves deeply before God because of iniquities and backslidings. Men felt as if the speaker had unwound his drag-tackle and was bringing up to the surface hidden sins. That was a necessary preliminary to Keswick's message.

Keswick Convention has had its historians. Charles Battersby Harford, M.D., a son of the founder, has edited a book to which a round score of pens have contributed chapters. The three great themes, Its Message, Its Method, Its Men, are handled by experts. It is not often that twenty dishes with one sauce are all of such excellent relish!

Other volumes also sketch on smaller canvas the Keswick movement and its progress.

The latest of the chronicles is "Keswick from Within," by the Rev. J. B. Figgis. It is a collection of selected pearls.

Scotland's Keswick had other roots besides England's Keswick. There had been Conventions in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Park Hall, Dundee and Aberdeen, all on Keswick lines, and they were contributory to the National Convention.

In addition to these larger gatherings there were meetings of Ministers of the great Presbyterian Churches. From these meetings several ministers joined the movement. These Conventions and Conferences, larger and smaller, we shall now glance at.

CHAPTER III

THE ROOTS

(b) Edinburgh

DR. BOARDMAN, who made a deep impression in London, came to Edinburgh in 1875. It was the first time he stepped on Scottish soil. He had with him Dr. James Mountain, the hymn-writer and composer, who is to-day a brimming youth in long white snows of age. They held meetings in the Waverley Hall, opposite Darling's Hotel. The speakers were suspect and the meetings were small. Standing firm on Scripture, they expected that Bible-loving Scotland would welcome them. Not a single minister in the city put in an appearance. The visitors were accused of teaching sinless perfection. They came to be the talk of the city. They were bold enough to engage the Music Hall for Sunday evening. Edinburgh suddenly determined to hear with its own ears. The hall was crammed to the door with keen theological critics. They were out to catch at every phrase, and to weigh every word. Early in the service the Lord's Prayer was repeated with its *Forgive us our trespasses*.

That was the first surprise. Then followed humble confession of sin. The sob of the broken heart rose softly through the prayer, and tears of deep contrition seemed to flow. After the prayer, men in the audience looked amazed at each other. Significant whisperings passed. The audience were disarmed.

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Many had the courage to own their mis-informedness and prejudice. One should hear Dr. Mountain on this sudden conversion of Edinburgh opinion ! But it proved to be like morning dew.

Some years later Mr. F. W. Bowker planned a series of meetings in Edinburgh. He was a school-master in London, a man of high influence and great courtesy. He afterwards succeeded Canon Battersby as Chairman of Keswick Convention. He was greatly helped in his preparations for Edinburgh by Dr. Moxey, who at that time was of great service in Major Whittle's Evangelistic campaign. The Edinburgh meetings were held in the last week of February, 1881, just on the back of Major Whittle's period. Preparatory meetings were held at Professor (afterwards Sir A. R.) Simpson's House. The two most prominent among the local ministers who countenanced the movement were Dr. Robert Macdonald (McCheyne's friend), and Dr. James Hood Wilson. Edinburgh was worth a big effort, so a choice platform was secured. Mr. Bowker presided at the meetings. The speakers were Canon Battersby, Rev. Evan H. Hopkins, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, and the Rev. Charles A. Fox. The Free Church Assembly Hall on the Mound, which in those days held only 1,500 people, was the meeting place.

The meetings were well attended and the audiences grew. But there was much suspicion. A well-known lady in Edinburgh told me that her presence and help in the musical service at the meetings riled her religious leaders. They told her it **was**

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as bad as breaking a Nazarite vow. One of them actually said she ought to shave her head and disappear from public view ! She was now a sister to the Woman in Scarlet ! These things show how some earnest people in Edinburgh regarded the movement. Some called it "an unspeakable infection."

The opening address was given by Prebendary Webb-Peploe on the Captaincy of Christ. Christ was Captain in all service and warfare. The closing address of the Convention was by the Rev. C. A. Fox who spoke of Christ as Master in the soul. Canon Battersby, who carried a sort of celestial atmosphere, made a gracious impression, and Mr. Hopkins was singularly welcomed for his presentation of things in stereoscopic clearness. We shall look at the first speaker and the last.

PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE

This Olympian could, as R. L. S. puts it, heave a pyramid ! He was a great gift of God to Keswick. He was a nobleman of Nature, tall and handsome, and with a face like the pictures one saw of Charles Kingsley. He had a voice rich and full, like a great organ. The first mention I ever heard of Mr. Webb-Peploe was, when our Teacher of Elocution, Dr. Moxey, said one day in the class, "Gentlemen, the Rev. Webb-Peploe and others are coming to Edinburgh to address meetings next week. Webb-Peploe is one of the very finest orators in England.

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Apart from his message you will learn much. Go and hear him, and you will enjoy the most perfect elocution which I know." There was a good deal of suspicion going, and we students were so cocksure that we soon issued against the speakers our infallible judgments! At the same time Mr. Webb-Peploe impressed us all by his personality and his oratory. His voice reminded one of Mr. Gladstone's in its resonance and compass, though scarcely in its variety. Mr. Webb-Peploe knows his Bible like the A B C. He gives chapter and verse for every word he says. His Greek Testament he handles as familiarly as his English. To hear him give a Bible-reading is an education. If hearers had to pay an *ad valorem* duty on the instruction of their teachers, his hearers would require to have fat purses. His mind is a St. Mark's Cathedral. It has the Bible inlaid on its walls in pictures of mosaic. One imagines he could reproduce the sacred volume entire if it were lost. His pre-eminent service to the movement lies in the fidelity with which he brings everything to the law and to the testimony. Everything goes by the Scripture.

His story brims with interest. He began as a clergyman on his father's estate in Herefordshire. He and his wife and infant were once holidaying at Saltburn-on-Sea. There he met a great Postal Official, Sir Arthur Blackwood, one of the saintliest of men. He put to Webb-Peploe a pointed question which drew a confession of unrest. Sir Arthur told him of the Oxford Convention which began its meetings that very day (August 29th, 1874). Webb-

Peploe had not heard of the Convention. Day by day Sir Arthur and he met, and letters were read from a friend at Oxford who wrote daily of the proceedings there. A deep impression was made on Mr. Webb-Peploe. Then came a crushing blow. His child suddenly died. He at once left Saltburn for home, and carried on the railway journey the precious casket in his arms. He reached his home with a sore battered feeling and in deep depression. He flung himself on his knees in his study, and poured himself forth in a keen cry of prayer. He pleaded with God to make His grace sufficient for this bitter experience. When he rose from his knees his eye fell on a text that had recently been hung over his mantelpiece: "My Grace is Sufficient." The verb was in bold red letters—"IS sufficient." The Present-ness of it rang like a bell through him. That IS changed everything. It supplied a new keynote to his life and ministry. He had been asking God to *make* His Grace sufficient, and there, brilliant as a magnesium light, was God's answer. It *is* sufficient. It was not a promise. It was a fact, a rock fact. The grace was now there. This threw, for him, the whole New Testament into a radiance of blessing. Life now blossomed red. The Prebendary has often told the story, and, as often as it is told, it lifts souls. It has been one of the most fruitful bits of personal experience related in our time. His season of sore travail has had great results. In the following summer (1875) he suddenly burst into prominence (as already stated) at the Brighton Convention. Mr. Webb-Peploe told me a

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strange story of how a Doctor of Divinity preached against him on the Sunday before the Edinburgh meetings. The Doctor had heard queer things of this Webb-Peploe, especially that he was leading people away from Bible doctrine. He warned his congregation to give a wide berth to him and his confederates. Afterwards the Doctor and Mr. Webb-Peploe met, and came into each other's understanding. The Doctor acknowledged his own surprising miscomprehension. The Prebendary confines himself to Scripture exposition more exclusively than any speaker on the Keswick platform. He is a great precisian, and no shade of meaning escapes his eye. To younger ministers his knowledge of the Bible is overwhelming. Ask him how often any Greek word occurs in the New Testament, and at once he will tell the connection in which Luke and Paul and Peter and John use the word. His acquaintance with texts and contexts is simply amazing. When he addresses a meeting he constitutes it into a class on New Testament exegesis. Why the Colleges have not captured him for that business is surprising. For well-nigh 40 years, down to this present, he has ministered to 2,000 hearers at Knightsbridge, London. For wide sympathy and brotherliness, for interest in all who love Christ, for deep scholarship, and for qualities that command boundless esteem, he is fitted for being the Bishop of all the Denominations. Keswick owes debt upon debt to him. On one occasion, when some rash perfectionists tried, years ago, to capture the Convention, Mr. Webb-Peploe, it is said, was put up to answer them.

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He did so in an exposition of the Scripture teaching on Sin. It was most masterly. As he went on the dusk began to fall. He offered in the scanting light to stop. The great audience urged him on. There in the darkening they sat, in a hush, as this burning prophet poured forth the Treasures of God's Word. Never a breath of perfectionism was heard again.

REV. CHARLES A. FOX

Among the prominent speakers on the Edinburgh platform were the Rev. C. A. Fox and Prebendary Webb-Peploe. They both continued from the first day to give increasing help to the movement.

Mr. Fox was its poet. There are writers of religious verse who were violently pulled up the slopes of Parnassus. He was not of them. He was born on the summit, and trilled from it many songs of beauty. He tells of the four saints whose books fed his eager young soul. He puts our Samuel Rutherford first :—

Hail, thou seraphic Rutherford ! who wrought,
In prison, wings that time and space defy.
Hooker, whose mighty masonry of thought,
Cathedral-aisled, hid truth mid 'tempests high.
Next, holy Leighton, star-pale, purified,
Woo'd me with studious soul divinely stored ;
And meek George Herbert, who, still singing, died
Self-hid, while Angels listen'd as they soar'd.

Charles Fox was drawn to Christ by a cricket ball. He was in sore distress over a cricket ball when a boy of 12. He threw himself on his knees

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in fervent prayer, and God gave an immediate answer.

I found myself stand face to face with God,
And His full-fruited purpose waiting me.

The inexpectation of this quick answer swung wide open the door of his soul. He was henceforth a most decided and loyal follower of Christ. Prayer was to him a thing that involved God as the sure keeper of promises. He thus glided into the Christian life, and all the after stages were further glidings. There was nothing volcanic in his make. His face, smooth, calm, and sunny, was a mirror of his spirit. To thousands of souls of a certain fine texture he was a great guide. On my first visit to Keswick his was the first address I heard. It was like a very pleasant song. He was then waning in strength, but his radiance held.

As was natural for one with his poetic temperament, he roamed through Scripture fancy-free. That did not commend him to strongly logical minds. He often alighted on the unexpected and the surprising, and it lent freshness and sometimes flash. Yet this winged soul was a student of philosophy. He dipped deeply into the Scottish School. He also drank often at Bishop Butler's well, and wrote of him :—

Thou, at Truth's high springs bowed with mortal ear
Rapt, didst profound analogies thence draw.
Imagination, star-eyed pioneer,
Piercing life's veil'd first principles with awe,
Cried, Secrets of the Universe are here.
See, Nature mirrors back Heaven's moral law.

Scotland's Keswick

Charles Fox was born in a Rectory near Peterborough. His father was a man of great godliness, and all through life the words "My father's God" brought moisture to his eye. The family removed to Leicester, then to Torquay, where Charles' father died in life's midday. After a bright curriculum at Cambridge, Charles applied for Deacon's orders, but the Bishop declined. Fox had a bad stammer, and the Bishop earnestly dissuaded him from Holy Orders. But Charles Fox was a man of prayer. He believed in God's power. He looked up and he persisted. He had a marvellous triumph and was duly licensed. He began work in Devonshire, and came afterwards to Eaton Chapel, London, where he exercised a ministry of rare influence. The liability to stammer stood on the very edge of his public speaking, yet to the public ear there was no trace of it. If he felt it coming on he threw out his arms straight in front and the dread passed. Sometimes in quoting a text he put in a different word. That helped him. He often said of his difficulties that God not only rolled away great stones, but made them seats for angels. He often compared himself to the little bird in the contest between the eagle and the wren as to which could soar highest. The tiny wren perched itself on the eagle's back, and topped that aerial monarch's utmost stretch.

He had years of silence while in Devonshire. In those years many visions of God came. They fitted him for future service of the Barnabas type. A familiar note of his was, Can you not suspect your

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brother of a kindness rather than of an unkindness ? His pastoral visiting was often carried on in the open air. He would get hold of one of his flock, take his arm, walk up and down in some quiet street or shady path, and have a great talk. His visits were never swift flights. He stayed and stayed, and spent a whole welcome evening, and bound by charm every member of the house. He dropped healing into many a heart. He was, in his own words, "half a doctor." He would say, The thorns protect securely the bird's nest, and the lark trills its sweetest carol on a diet of worms ! How beautifully he solaced men whose foliage was colouring to autumnal decay !

Heaven's own ripening dyes now stain my leaves,
Ingraining glory with my helplessness.

Charles Fox was everywhere accepted as a leader in Keswick teaching. His little book, "Ankle-deep," has been helpful to many. In it he deals with the Solitude of Calvary, the Companionship of the Resurrection Presence, the Magnificence of the Ascension Gifts, the Progressive Stream of Pentecostal Provision, and the Glorious Indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

He became a suffering victim to cancer in the face. His poem, "The Marred Face," written while in deepest suffering, had a double significance.

That Wounded Face moves towards me through the Dark.

He passed to the Mansions "conjubilant with song" in December, 1900.

There was a remnant that kept the blessing in

Scotland's Keswick

Edinburgh. Among them were one or two students. They gravitated to a monthly Conference known as "Lochrin House," where Dr. Coppelstone kept the flag flying. Dr. Coppelstone had been a C.M.S. missionary in Africa. A medical missionary near his station met with a serious accident which necessitated immediate amputation of an arm. There was no medical man within several days' call. The injured Doctor told Coppelstone how to proceed. He operated, and almost saved the Doctor's life. It was only almost. Coppelstone, impressed with the value of medical and surgical knowledge, came to Edinburgh and studied. He married into a spiritually minded family and these quasi-Keswick Conferences went on for years. From them went out hearts that welcomed a Scottish Habitation for the great truth of Sanctification-by-Faith.

Conventions were held later in Edinburgh, in 1896 and 1897. They were more largely attended than those of the early 'eighties and were excellent. Many felt, however, that Conventions do best in quiet Retreats where unbroken days are spent together in Fellowship and Prayer.

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CHAPTER IV

THE ROOTS

(c) Glasgow

MR. WILLIAM SLOAN and Mr. William J. Govan may be regarded as the pioneers of the Keswick teaching in Scotland. They both were at the Brighton Convention which was held in the end of May, 1875. From it they returned to Glasgow with a great lamp kindled in their hearts. Shortly after, Mr. Sloan gave an address on Holiness at a Fellowship meeting of the Glasgow Christian Union. That was, so far as is known, the first sound of a Scotsman's bugle on the north side of the Tweed. Mr. Sloan's address was not meant for publication, but so impressed were several men who heard it that they urged him to have it printed and circulated. It has now run into several editions, and though a very small booklet it has not lost, even in the flood of similar literature, its fine virtue.

Dr. Boardman and Dr. Mountain had visited Edinburgh earlier in the year. After a few days in the capital they had crossed to Glasgow. They met in Ewing Place Church with a noble band of Mr. Moody's recent workers. Dr. Boardman addressed them on *Power in Service*. It was for some an hour of inspirations. Dr. Andrew Bonar was the Barnabas among the Ministers. He invited Dr. Boardman to his pulpit. Dr. Bonar was not quite sure and clear at first in his attitude to the new teaching, but he was gracious in his hospitalities.

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That visit to Glasgow carried a bit of Elysium to Mr. Sloan and to Mr. Govan. An air of reserve, however, prevailed, and years passed before there was another mission of the same kind. Those interested in this movement would like to know something of the men who, by their own addresses and by means of meetings, introduced the Keswick teaching to Scottish people.

MR. WILLIAM SLOAN

His father, who was a shipowner, wished his son to have a business training in another office than his own. He sent him into the office of Mr. H. K. Wood, a highly-respected merchant. Mr. Wood was an elder in Free St. Peter's with Rev. William Arnot. He was intensely earnest and spiritually minded. He wrote a number of tracts and books by "A Glasgow Merchant." These were most useful. He was great in dealing personally with souls. He dealt with William Sloan. When young Sloan left him to join his father's business, Mr. Wood wrote him a letter that brought him to decision. William Sloan was no off-and-on youth. He made a clean cut with the past and declared himself a follower of Christ. He had sweetly enjoyed the ways of the world. He was henceforth done with them. One day at Crieff Hydro a young friend asked him to join in the dance. Clapping him on the shoulder, he smilingly replied, "When my heart began to dance my feet left it off." He had great personal charm and a fine penetrating influence. One by one his brothers were led to Christ mainly by him.

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John became a Minister. Alexander and Walter still survive, alert in Christian service. Their devoted mother also said it was her dear Willie that led her to Christ. These triumphs in the home would of themselves make a chapter of spiritual splendours. He began to work at the time of Payson Hammond's meetings for children in Glasgow. That branch of service continued to be for him at the top of the scale.

I remember vividly the first time I met him. He and Mrs. Sloan (a like-minded companion) had come up to Stornoway in Lews. After a service in the Free English Church there, in which I referred to Child Conversion, he came to the vestry and introduced himself. He kindly agreed to take the evening service. What a treat it was! He expounded the fifteenth Psalm, which he called, A portrait of the Christian gentleman. It was a gem of exposition. Every one spoke of it as a thing to be treasured. I met Mr. Sloan often after that, but never without recalling that evening. The more I saw of him the more I felt that the charm of that sermon lay in this, that while preaching he was quite unconsciously unfolding his own picture. There was an air of distinction about him that could not escape notice. His appearance, and his character, made you feel that he was quality, both inside and out. Yet he was the humblest of the humble. He avoided persons who received blessing at his hand, lest they should express too warmly a word of congratulation. The pain of undeserved praise hit him sharply. For a time he even avoided Bishop Moule, lest one

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syllable should reach him of thanks for a helpful address. In the chapter which this book has on Park Hall the reader will find the Bishop's testimony to that address. All this shrinking on Mr. Sloan's part arose from a humility that kept him at Christ's feet. His latter end was full of tender and gracious things. I have seen a very sacred record of his last utterances. How gallant and winning and Christ-like! This pioneer of Keswick teaching was affectionately interested in others. Consideration for them made his death-bed a transfiguration. He is shrined in the memories of those who knew him. He passed to the radiance of Christ's Presence in August, 1910. Those he left could say, My very songbirds trail a broken wing. Yet, the thought of him made the song continue.

MR. WILLIAM J. GOVAN

Mr. Govan attended the Brighton Convention, and heard and found there things he had been groping after. At his Saturday evening class in Glasgow he began to teach this fuller life, which he now found deeply imbedded in Scripture. He had been reared in a lovely home at the suburb of Hillhead, where he was singularly popular with his brothers and sisters. He was their poet-laureate. He early made sweet verse-pictures of drifting snow and falling leaves and rushing streams. At the University he wrote the prize poem for the year. He gave himself deeply to Home Mission work in spare hours. His father, Mr. William Govan, was a muslin manufacturer, and he himself joined his

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father's business. In his mission work he superintended a large number of rowdy boys besides teachers of noisy vitality. He had deep spiritual conflicts. These arose partly from his speculative intellectual make-up. "He had an awful mind to keep in subjection" was the witness of a working-man. He had many trophies among the wild lads, and to them he imparted the teaching on Sanctification. It was the early bloom of Brighton and Keswick. His own words of testimony are thrice-happy: "I have no good to say of myself, but much good to say of Christ. My Christian life was very unsatisfactory, and I said, 'Lord, give me holiness *at whatever cost.*' He took me at my word, and He put me to great trials. Now I have come to this, 'Lord, let me know *Thee* at any cost.' If I have Him I have all. I think I must be the most unbelieving fellow here. It took so long for me to trust. Christ has again and again come to me, filling me—He comes to me generally through a new insight into Scripture. That filling makes a difference, for it gives me uniform victory over voluntary sins, and His presence is as if He were standing by." Mr. Govan's addresses often sparkled with suggestive similes, memorable epigrams, and deft antitheses and paradoxes of Divine Truth. He contributed regularly to religious journals.

These two families, the Sloans and the Govans, were well known in Glasgow for consecration to spiritual service. The *Faith Mission* was the creation of the Govan family, and it has gone strong for many a year. William J. Govan was deeply

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interested in it. He took a most leading part also in the Conventions in Glasgow, which were held in the 'eighties in connection with Keswick teaching. He passed in 1901, amid deep love and high honour, to Canaan's Goodly Land.

In the early 'eighties a series of Conventions began in Glasgow, under the organizing hand of Dr. Elder Cumming. What led up to these meetings will be found in the article on Dr. Elder Cumming. There were many speakers. The Meetings were held year after year in the Queen's Rooms. Perhaps the speaker that made the deepest impression was

THE REV. OTTO STOCKMAYER

He was a Pastor at Hauptwell, in Switzerland. His foreign accent added a bit of interest to his addresses. His addresses were throbbing with life. They were very fresh and very memorable. The day he was ordained to the Ministry in 1866 by the laying on of hands, was a day of surrender to his Lord. He said he tried to follow St. Paul in his devotion to Christ. He came to the Oxford Convention in 1874. There flashed deep into his soul there, a light like that on the Damascus road. A hidden sin stood out black in this illumination. It brought him to Christ's feet. There was a clean severance of old cables that bound him to this guilty thing. He said he had known well this holy teaching in theory, but it was theory only. Now he rose into a newness of blessing that brought Heaven itself into the centre of his heart.

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His meetings in Glasgow were in a small hall, well adapted to his voice. His addresses made an extraordinary impression. He was clear as a bell on two points, (1) that perfect and absolute holiness was simply impossible for us on earth; (2) that it was quite possible for us to live a holy and God-pleasing life. In St. John's epistles these two points shone clearly. "If we say *we have no sin*, we deceive ourselves." That was St. John's final word on the one side. "These things write I unto you, that *ye sin not*," was as final on the other side. These points Pastor Stockmayer elaborated and pressed home with ringing and telling force. Two favourite expressions of this Swiss Pastor's were "the shadow of grace" and "the shadow of law." He cut as by a flame to the hearts of men when he said that it was impossible for the enemy to inflict a defeat so long as we kept with Christ, under the shadow of grace. It was only when we moved into the shadow of law that we lost hold and fell.

With what beauty and clearness he dwelt on Faith! Look at Calvary, he would say. The Holy Spirit reveals there our sentence of Condemnation. The moment we *countersign* that sentence with the Pen of Faith, the Holy Spirit suddenly reveals our absolution from it. "Surrender" was a favourite word of his. "If I surrender utterly, is not that a parting with my individuality?" That objection was often raised. It was raised again and again even in the Girls' House-parties at Bridge-of-Allan. It was delightful to hear Stockmayer slash it with his Goliath sword. Individuality indeed! It is

in the grip of sin we lose our individuality. A tyrant state turns its citizens into machines. It is in Christ our individuality discovers itself and rises to clear and holy subsistence. His Freedom makes us Free.

There was a great aroma of saintliness about Pastor Otto Stockmayer. It impressed every one. He walked with God. His heart was in Heaven. On his lips there blossomed many a word of rarest beauty.

He used to say, "There are just two—Jesus Christ and Otto Stockmayer. I *must* deny one. I *may* choose which."

CHAPTER V

THE ROOTS

(d) Park Hall

THE meetings at Park Hall, Polmont, had much to do with the spread of the movement. Mr. Livingstone Learmonth owned Park Hall. He was said to be the handsomest man in his county. He and some brothers went to Australia. There they sheep-farmed on a large scale. Mr. Livingstone Learmonth had a great experience in Australia. In the wilds out there his heart was pierced by the vision and glory of God. The old horizons began to pale. He stepped out into a spiritual world where the air was

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palpitant with wonders. He soon after retired from his prosperous sheep-farming, and returned to Scotland. It was then he purchased Park Hall estate. Every good cause found him, and his accomplished wife, not only inclinable but cordial. Some of the things he did made many eyes open round with amazement. For example, while the Salvation Army was regarded askance he stepped ahead of his time and gave it his rich blessings. He presided at Mrs. Booth's great meeting in Glasgow City Hall. He went to Keswick and drank deep at its springs. He became one of the trustees of Keswick. The spiritual enjoyments he had there induced him to start Conferences at Park Hall.

It was in 1882 that the first of these gatherings was held. There were commodious barns. They were cleared, fitted and seated. Mr. Bowker was the first Chairman, and some of the chief Keswick Lights came to speak. Mr. William Sloan of Glasgow was a favourite. The founder of Park Hall Convention and his noble-hearted wife welcomed all good men and women. The exquisitely fine faces they both had were the index of congenial souls. Mr. Livingstone Learmonth wiped out all lesser distinctions between men if only the love of Christ was in them. He had, at the Hall, Musa Bhai, a wonderful leader of the Salvation Army in India, and Amanda Smith, a coloured woman, who spoke with tremendous thrill, and some people who made fantastic partnerships, and also the choicest souls he could hear of. One of his sons who was engaged in sheep-farming in Australia gave up his sheep-

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farming, studied at Cambridge, and went to China as a Medical Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

The meetings at Park Hall were great occasions. There was a heavenly air about them and many walked into Beulah land. One especially, who has a distinction of personality, got a great blessing.

BISHOP HANDLEY MOULE

Dr. Moule, the beloved Bishop of Durham, had a memorable experience at Park Hall. One delights to think of him holding up his mother's well-fingered Bible and telling his hearers that her faith was the sheet-anchor of all her boys. One pictures him surrounded by his students at Ridley Hall, who poured richly on him an admiration of which students can be sparing. One recalls his meetings with Ministers in which his humility and his brotherliness went to the heart as winged messengers of love. I heard him preach at the consecration of Bishop Chavasse in York Minster, and his bearing was beautiful. His joining the Keswick platform brought to the movement its greatest scholar. Bishop Moule's books are things of beauty. They carry in them the choice wine of Lebanon. Bishop Moule heard in a roundabout way that I was preparing this sketch of Scotland's Keswick. He at once most generously offered me for its pages a short account of his own great experience. Every one who reads it will be deeply grateful. The story of it is the jewel of this book. Here it is.

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A Recollection

BY THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

In the autumn of 1884 we, my dear wife and I, with our two very little children, were guests at Park Hall, Polmont, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Learmonth—the latter the cousin and dear friend of my wife. In the middle of September was held the annual “Park Hall Convention,” a series of meetings (in the great barn of the home-farm of the estate) for the promotion of practical holiness in the path of faith. At that time, not least at Cambridge, then my home, eager controversy was abroad about the doctrine of Holiness by Faith. In some quarters, no doubt, that watchword had been connected with unbalanced views and teachings, while in many other quarters the real truth expressed by the words, a truth as old as the Apostles, had been gravely mistaken. I had been one of the mistakers, and was seriously of opinion that a dangerous theory of “sinless perfection,” incompatible with an abiding sense of safety under the Cross alone, was inherent in the Holiness movement. I had even written some articles (in *The Record*) under that impression.

When the Convention was at hand, accordingly, I was not very happy and (I may freely say this now) would gladly have been absent. But all the while my heart and conscience were uneasy, for I knew too well how very far was my experience from the rest and strength so plainly offered in the Scriptures. My troubled condition was well known

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to my dear wife, who was far before me in the Christian life, and it gave her no little anxiety.

To make the narrative quite short, I attended, in a far from receptive mood, the first evening meeting. And I seemed then to think some of my prejudices confirmed. On the second evening, after a day of much conflict, I went again. Two addresses were given in the great barn that night (how vivid is the scene before me still !). The first was by Mr. W. Sloan of Glasgow, from Haggai i. It dealt with the canker of known sin in the converted life, and its lamentable hindrance as to fruitful work for God. Never was soberer exposition given, and the words, true and weighty, spoken by a man evidently holy and humble of heart, penetrated my heart with an intense and indescribable conviction. Then came the second address. My dear friend (as he has been ever since) the Rev. Evan Hopkins was the speaker. Characteristically he followed up Mr. Sloan's anatomizing appeal by a wonderfully well-ordained and perfectly-applied chain of promises, promises which assure the sinner of a perfect antidote to his need, and encourage him to expect large and deep deliverances from himself, on the simple condition of surrender into the most trustworthy and tender of hands, the hands of a perfect Redeemer, Conqueror, Keeper, and indwelling Friend.

I listened as to a voice from the sanctuary. And I believed, and I surrendered to my Lord, my long-known, yet so little-known, Saviour and King. That night I felt, as I went back to the house with

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my beloved wife, that I was equally and wonderingly conscious of being in the grasp of an absolute Master, and of having grasped, in Him, a supreme secret of peace and life and victory.

At the meeting when Mr. Hopkins called on any who had felt the appeal true and effectual to stand up, I could not possibly not do so. And the next evening, in the barn, I said a few words of acknowledgment and thanksgiving.

Thirty-one years and more have fled since that night. God knows how imperfectly I have used my secret. I repent before Him in great humiliation. But *I know the secret*, His open secret of victory and rest. And I know how different, in its total, life has been for that secret. And I pray, and I expect, that it will be yet more and more my joy and strength, even to the end.

(Signed) HANDLEY DUNELM.

February 11, 1916.

The Rev. John Hall of Warrender Park, Edinburgh, then a student, was a guest at Park Hall by special request of Mr. Bowker. He has told me that he remembers vividly the joy that swept into hearts at Dr. Moule's acceptance of the blessing. It made that 1884 Convention at Park Hall marked as by a white stone.

CHAPTER VI

THE ROOTS

(e) Dundee

DUNDEE was one of the roots. There a Convention was begun in February, 1890. It went on annually for ten years. When the big Annual stopped, a Monthly meeting was continued during the months of every winter and spring. These monthly meetings hold the field still. The years have laid no withering hand on them. Mr. William Nairn, jute manufacturer, whose mother was McCheyne's first convert in Dundee, has been at the head of these monthly services.

For nearly a score of years he has piloted them skilfully past rock and shallow. The Unseen Helmsman has guided his hand. In the enjoyment of Mr. and Mrs. Nairn's fine hospitality the speakers have discovered another House Beautiful.

The first Convention of 1890 had, as its Clerical Committee, three Ministers of the Church of Scotland—Messrs. Macpherson, Mackenzie and Houston; and only one solitary of the Free Church—Mr. Black of Ogilvie. The Rev. J. R. Macpherson, then at Kinnaird, was the real Founder. He has spoken quite recently at the Convention, and is on its Council Board. Dundee had long been favoured. McCheyne's pulpit had been occupied by Duncan Macgregor, a scholar and a saint. He had left the city. Andrew Inglis, bubbling over with genial wit and earnestness, gave himself unstintedly to

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Dundee's Evangelical Conference. It was held every September. John Macpherson of Hilltown Free Church was the Nestor of Evangelicals. To the grief of many he stood severely aloof. He travelled all the way to Brighton to the great Convention in 1875. He came back with the fear of Perfectionism in his heart. In new movements leaders blunder their way into exact and safe statement. That is the history of every doctrine in the Creed. The Brighton teaching seemed to him to be undiscerning.

Theological accuracy was of great moment to Scottish minds. Mr. Macpherson rejoiced in the Scotch beatitude, Blessed be ballast. He was a delightful man, a grand man, and deeply loved. He did capital service by faithful preaching, and by several most readable biographies. But on Keswick teaching he was cold. He entrenched himself away from it. Toward life's mellowing evening he saw as through a periscope what it all was, and spoke sympathetically.

The Chairman of Keswick (Mr. Wilson) was secured for the Chair at Dundee. For four successive visits he filled that position. He brought year by year Keswick speakers with him. That gave a sort of brevet-rank to the Convention. After Mr. Wilson's four years the Dundee friends fended for themselves. They had good times during the succeeding six years. Interest shrank, however, and the Annual gathering ceased in 1899.

The first Convention of 1890 had a long list of speakers—Dr. Elder Cumming, John Riddell, Gelson Gregson, J. T. Butlin, William Hutchison, F. S.

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Webster, John Sloan and J. J. Glen Kippen, Ministers. Messrs. William Sloan and William Swan, both of Glasgow, were the only laymen. One of those on this list may be noticed here, Mr. Glen Kippen, who had an individuality of the unconformable order.

REV. J. J. GLEN KIPPEN

was a student of the mediæval. He was wedded to Theology, and was deeply read in the Papal Fathers. He read their works in Latin as fluently as English. Theology had a most constraining power over him. He had his being in it. He was himself a walking library. He had 6,000 volumes lining his Manse walls, and his mind was stored with them. His memory for what he read was of steel. He would probably have sided with those who called John Calvin "John the Accusative." He walked in the shadow of Arminius. At College he read all day, and he talked all night! Friends said his talk was rich and savoury.

Glen Kippen's father was an officer in the Indian Army. Both he and his wife died while their son was a little boy. The boy was brought up by his grandfather, the Rev. John Glen of Portobello Free Church, who was a keen Evangelical. From that atmosphere Glen Kippen was never long absent. He was long a probationer, but he settled at length in the Free Church of the rural village of Pitcairn-green in Perthshire. There he had a big revival in his Church which bore great fruit. He touched the spiritual world, it was said, at more points than any

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man in the Scottish Church. His sermons of an hour's length were theology pure and simple. They were rare sermons, and intensely informing and intensely interesting. Keswick Teaching came with its appeal to him. He took to it as if he had drunk it in with his mother's milk. This man, who could talk for a whole week without stopping, never would endure one word of gossip or personal triviality. He moved in great worlds of Truth, and to him they were worlds of tropical growth and infinite gorgeousness.

In the region of Theology and New Testament Questions his mind was a kind of Marconi station, whose antennæ caught messages from every far everywhere. No one, you would think, could have been more wisely consulted than he as to the spiritual themes discussed in distant planets. There was an air of far worlds about him. Yet he was intensely alive to the great thoughts of this present. That accounts for how differently labelled he was by people who met him. He had a remarkably keen and fertile brain. He overflowed also with friendliness and love. The fact is that in spiritual matters he touched the Universal. His knowledge was so deep that whatever he spoke of seemed to be his specialty. He was always fair to opponents, yet he had no difficulty in saying, With such and such I throw in my lot, but with those others—No, thank you. His mind was, as John Woolman would say, "inward to his Lord." He stood fast to "inward conviction."

In the doctrine of Sanctification by Faith and

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Faith only, he was apparently at home. He was one of the princeliest of Scottish theologians. He recognized the fulness of the words, "He that hath entered into God's rest he also hath ceased from his own works." He passed some years ago to where East and West join hands in eternal fellowship.

CHAPTER VII

THE ROOTS

(f) **Aberdeen**

ABERDEEN held a Convention in the spring of 1891. It had a vital connexion with Scotland's Keswick. George MacGregor was Minister in Aberdeen, and this Convention was his idea. He found an able lieutenant in Mr. Gray Fraser, Advocate, Aberdeen. Together they organized and carried out the many arrangements. Mr. Robert Wilson filled the chair. Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Moule (then at Cambridge), Dr. Elder Cumming, Mr. Luce, Mr. Gelson Gregson, and Prebendary Webster, all platform speakers at Keswick, came to the granite city. Dr. Moule's addresses on the Christian as pictured in the Epistle to the Ephesians were exquisite gems. At the Ministers' meeting Dr. Moule spoke to hushed hearts. The very air quivered to the tender and beautiful story he so humbly told. A brother minister now in Valparaiso sat next to me. I remember how his heart and mine overflowed. There was a heave

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in many a breast like the heaving of the deep. There verily the Lord God came down in the cool of the day. What an hour of heavenly vision! The speakers at this Convention were in great form. The divine power lay on them. Dr. Elder Cumming was, as always, the Teacher and Expounder for Scottish minds. He was comprehensive, he emphasized the salient points, and he was clear. Mr. Gregson had spent years as an army chaplain in India. He was pointed and searching and insistent. A casual visitor might think that he found deep pleasure in bastinadoing bonded and depressed saints. Yet he carried a sweet pot of balm to heal the wounds from his club. But one required to know his context to appreciate his vigorous speech.

Mr. Luce, who is Vicar of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, had a great calm in him. He was an inland lake after Mr. Gregson. His happy countenance and rich organ voice were in keeping with his message. The sense of comradeship rose as an effluence from Mr. Luce. One felt a certain safety in being near him, and that drew men to him. I heard him one night in a company of our ministers do an unfolding of himself that won every heart. It was deep and sweet and sacred. After it, every member of our party hoped he would be chosen for the honour of convoying Mr. Luce to his lodging. Prebendary Webster had the courage and force that strong men enjoy. He sang with a glorious sense of power, and as if he kept a whole orchestra in the inside of him. His addresses discover the student. He goes to the foundation, finds the Scripture meaning and

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message, and tells it in a clear and forceful style. He has the downright way that begets confidence. No one goes away from him in a mist.

The message of the Convention came forth, bearing in a way the colour of the minds through which it reached the audience. Mr. Hopkins always reached thinking minds, and he was deeply appreciated in Aberdeen. The closing meeting, like some others, was held in the Music Hall. Mr. Hopkins spoke. It was a "test" service and unforgettable. Mr. Hopkins was a master in soul-dealing. He handled men with deep and penetrating knowledge.

The following evening there was a meeting for praise and testimony. It was held in a smaller hall. The Convention was over, and the speakers had left. Mr. MacGregor and Mr. Gray Fraser conducted that praise-meeting. Both men were like rivers abrim from bank to bank. I never saw anything in Scotland like that meeting. It was a riot of jubilation. The excitement was astounding for grave people like the Aberdonians. Talk of roofs blown off! What outbursts of praise! I never dreamt that Aberdonians were capable of such spiritual noise.

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

I passed that night with George MacGregor. He was in a state of exaltation.

There was one lady at the Convention whose experience had much subsequential influence. It was the daughter of the Laird of Kinmundy. She carried on many meetings for young women of

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her district. Various cases of disappointment had baffled and saddened her. A friend's remark in a neighbouring manse led to her going to Aberdeen for the Convention. She got such an uplift that her father, Dr. William Ferguson, attracted and charmed, accompanied her to the Keswick Convention three months later. That visit to Keswick was an eventful step. Dr. Ferguson got a new blessing, and a radiance filled him. That had much to do with the meeting, called one or two evenings later, to consider what could be done to start a National Convention on Keswick lines in Scotland. Dr. Ferguson was present. He agreed heartily with the proposal of a Scottish Convention. Dr. Ferguson accepted the difficult and laborious task of Treasurer. He was charged with all the financial responsibilities. It was a wise appointment, as events showed.

Aberdeen held other Conventions later on, in 1896, etc., but they were not like that first.

CHAPTER VIII

MINISTERS' CONFERENCES

(1) **The Established Church**

THEOLOGICAL Clubs have always flourished in Scotland. Every Divinity Hall has its weekly gathering where the students in training discuss deep and various themes. All over Scotland, in town and

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country, there are Clerical Clubs, where bodies of ministers meet to study and discuss problems in Theology. Scotsmen take to Theology as ducks to water. Every Presbytery in the land has its coterie. They discuss the latest big books. Papers are read. Criticism is invited, and nearly every member takes part. A social meal usually closes these bright hours.

A longing arose in various quarters for gatherings of a less theological and more devotional character. They were not meant to unseat and discastle (as George Meredith would put it) the theological clubs. The devotional meetings were to be an extra. The others were intellectual, and gave small scope for the culture of the soul.

In the Established Church this new movement arose in the heart of Dr. George Wilson, the greatly esteemed Minister of St. Michael's, Edinburgh. He held a place of acknowledged eminence in the van of the Evangelicals. He issued a public invitation to all ministers of his Church who wished a season of spiritual fellowship with their fellow ministers. All controversial and all ecclesiastical questions were to be closed out. It was to be fellowship on purely spiritual lines. The lines were not avowedly Keswick, but Keswick was in them. A large number responded. They met at Craiglockhart Hydro-pathic in the western suburbs of Edinburgh. The meetings have gone on every year up to the bursting of the great war cloud. From Monday evening to Wednesday afternoon seven sessions were held.

Tradition has it that, at one meeting, a country

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brother broke all the rules. It was a chance for girding and he used it. He happened on some subjects that made every one gravely disquiet. Some thought that a crisis impended, and that the Conference might swiftly pass into liquidation! The chair was occupied by Dr. Wilson. He was sure and wise. He treated the country brother with native courtliness, and then proposed that it would be well to have a season of close communion with the Heavenly Father. It was a rare time of Prayer. Not the most distant allusion to the episode was hinted. A high and gracious tone marked every prayer.

Afterwards when some one collared the blunderer and showed him that he had jumped into the wrong saddle he was deeply penitent. Some say he would have given much if he could have honestly pleaded an *alibi*. A salvo of gratitude met the Chairman for negotiating the difficult turn. It was overruled to the sweetening of all the subsequent meetings.

Scotland's Keswick gained a few recruits from that Craiglockhart Retreat.

Dr. George Wilson has been for many years a great light of the Scottish Convention. His mother was a reader of Walter Marshall, whose great classic she often consulted. All through his ministry he had been in the advance guard of the Church of Scotland Aggressives. I remember first hearing him when he was parish minister of Cramond. It was a strong and tender plea to students to enlist in the cause of total abstinence.

Although his mother was an earnest and apprecia-

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tive student of Sanctification by Faith, he did not rise to the teaching when its apostles visited Edinburgh. The way in which they stated it did not at first attract him. He was at some of those meetings in the Free Assembly Hall which were held in February, 1881. He sat undrawn. He was always in love with evangelistic effort. Occasionally he turned Evangelist himself, and took annually a fortnight's mission. It was on one of those missions, in a quiet country parish, that the great illumination came. From early youth he had earnestly followed Christ. Now there came a new crisis. It came like a Conversion. He had been converted years before. He had loved and served his Lord. Now there came fresh voices of deep calling unto deep. He was in the middle of his mission when one night there came a mysterious pressure on his spirit. A strange force was bearing heavily down on him. He struggled against it. It was Peniel and the brook Jabbok over again. He had zealously laboured for Christ, and yet it was against Christ. This mission was not all and alone for Christ's glory.

Some of self and some of Thee.

The pride of the successful preacher welled within him. At the same time the claim of Christ struck pointedly on his soul. It was a pitched battle. It reached its climax at two in the morning. New lands then suddenly hove in sight. He could see the alignment of the coast. He was won. He left the old territory and landed in a sweet and holy peace, like a fresh Conversion.

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Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd ;
Grant me now my supplication—
None of self and all of Thee.

Dr. Wilson had left Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh and had become Minister of St. Michael's before this experience. With some souls it is always afternoon, dull and slumbrous. With Dr. Wilson it has ever since been morning with its freshness and beauty. He has often spoken at Keswick and Bridge-of-Allan with profit to many.

CHAPTER IX

MINISTERS' CONFERENCES

(2) The United Presbyterian Church

THE Convention owed much to that man of high statesmanship, Dr. John Young of Newington, Edinburgh. He was for years the Home Secretary of the United Free Church. Mr. Young, as he then was, had a profound sense of the Church's spiritual weakness. He prayed for deeper vision and greater power. In his concern he spoke to one or two ministers in the United Presbyterian Church. He found them ready. Train of Buckhaven (afterwards of Hull and Norwood) was the first. Dr. John

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Smith was another, and William D. Moffat was a third.

Moffat was in the depths of despair over his ministry. To him Dr. Young's suggestion was like a flash from Heaven. Moffat afterwards became the first Convener of Scotland's Keswick. Dr. Young spoke to others. In April, 1887, he issued a circular calling ministers together to a Conference. Soon after he moved, in the Synod of his Church, that they send out evangelistic deputies to visit and stir up congregations. With a burning passion that surged within the iron walls of his logic, he roused his Church to immediate action. He is a man of chain-cable speech. Meanwhile preparations went on for his proposed Conference. Ministers responded to his April circular. Seventy of them met in September on the banks of the Scottish Rhine at Perth. It was a Three-days' Retreat of deep humbling and rich blessing. Some wit dubbed the gathering "The Septuagint" in memory of a more ancient Seventy. From that gathering there came afterwards into the service of Scotland's Keswick Dr. John Smith, William Moffat, James Rae of Edinburgh, John Young of Greenock, Thos. S. Dickson, etc. The Perth Retreat became popular, too popular. Its rapid growth spoiled it. One year two hundred and fifty ministers came. Many arrived by morning trains and left in the evening. That was fatal to the idea of Days of Quiet. The whole conception and purpose was open to defeat at the hand of the day-trippers.

In course of time the meeting-place was changed

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from Perth to Bridge-of-Allan. There the annual gatherings were held until 1899. Bridge-of-Allan became thus the *locus* of two Conferences. That was a little confusing. If you spoke to some ministers about one of the Conferences they replied, "Oh, yes, we go there," meaning the other. Scotland's Keswick was begun at Bridge-of-Allan in June, 1892. It has never met except in June. The United Presbyterian Conference, on the other hand, met in September. It was intended exclusively for ministers of the United Presbyterian Church. The themes in the early years of the Septuagint bore on the inner spiritual life and the work of the Holy Spirit. At first there was great unity and glow. By and by the members ceased to be compact of mind and view. Two tendencies developed. There was a rather narrow party, too severe and grim. Still it was the other party that did most harm. They were young and full of ideas. They introduced what they called modern questions and social themes. They launched into the controversial. The earlier years of the Septuagint, its Augustan age, contributed handsomely to the spirit and form of our Scottish National Convention. These early meetings were days on the Mount.

CHAPTER X

MINISTERS' CONFERENCES

(3) The Free Church

MINISTERS of the Free Church also gathered for spiritual fellowship and prayer. Their meeting place was Dunblane Hydropathic, and annually in March. It was in the heart of Thomas Crerar of Leith the idea was born, and William Ross of Cowcaddens was in at the birth. These were men of prayer. Charles Todd, James Brown and William Nelson were successive Secretaries in its earlier years. That Conference was measurable in size but fruitful. Its waters mingled with those of the Septuagint after 1900.

REV. THOMAS CRERAR

had a surface of humour and an under-surface of earnestness. They blended well. He was born in Crieff, where also he was born again in a revival. When his mother was buried, it is said that the Crieff streets were lined with people whose faces were wet with tears. She was a Mother in Israel and greatly beloved. At College Crerar lodged with Henry Drummond, whose sister he afterwards married. He had a mission station at Cambusbarron, near Stirling, where he often met the Drummonds. He began his ministry at Cardross on the Clyde, where Professor A. B. Bruce had been before him. Crerar then came as Colleague and Successor to

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cCheyne's great friend, Robert Macdonald of North Leith, who was known as Scotland's Winsome Preacher.

Crerar always sought the highest for his Church, and he saw that the United Presbyterian Conferences brought a new light into faces. He was not ashamed to take a lead from a smaller Church. So he began. Dunblane was selected. The Conferences were beautiful. Crerar was just the man to found a Conference. He had a key for getting into hearts. His speech was always carried in cups of porcelain. Sometimes they were overfull. His art of getting at an opponent was a study in Christian considerateness. He had a habit of remembering birthdays. He would fetch a coin from his purse and write an Impromptu on it, and hand it to a child. I heard him once describe a fix he was in. He had forgotten the birthday of a member of his household. As the day was closing it flashed on him. His purse was empty. There was only a foreign postage stamp in it. He gave it. Under his kindly words its value was sure to rise several per cent. He was telling his congregation before he died, about a recent visit to Keswick. He described our Ministers' House Party and the platform speakers, and tried to convey the impression and the atmosphere of the Convention. An Elder met him at the pulpit steps as he descended, and said, O, sir, I wish there was a Keswick every week.

Crerar died suddenly. As he neared his end he was like the setting sun that trailed around itself its plaid of many colours.

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WILLIAM ROSS

was known as "Ross of Cowcaddens." He was a grain miller's son, and born in Caithness. His father had to flee from the unspeakable evictions and house-burnings of Kildonan. This humble miller who gave three sons to the ministry was one of the "Men." He conducted services on Sundays and read to his audiences chapters from Bunyan and Boston and others. Rev. John Mackay of Lybster, a rare educational and spiritual force in his day, took an interest in the Ross lads, and prepared them for College. William taught a school for a time, and his uplifted finger sufficed to keep discipline and order. He was offered a Rectorship and also a Professorship, but the ministry was too strong a lure. He was abundantly "Called." He elected Chapelhill Church at Rothesay, where Highlanders could hear the Gospel in their mother tongue. That Church was built in the mouth of a disused quarry and was surrounded by high cliffs. Under these overhanging boulders of Sinai, on which his thunders sometimes boomed, he preached for sixteen years the Gospel of Mercy. He became a fiery advocate with the Slogan-cry of total abstinence. For his Temperance meetings he hired a hall which covered a wine cellar. That evoked the witticism—

Above, the spirits divine ;
Beneath, the spirits of wine.

He warned men faithfully and told them that God does not always pay on Saturday. But He pays.

From Rothesay he went to Cowcaddens in the

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slums of Glasgow. His Church there became a Spiritual University. It attempted all things that bore on social and religious reclamation. I remember William Ross in his fine library at Rothesay. There he was surrounded by the enshrined minds of the great and good. When I called on him as Minister of Cowcaddens he sat amid the ceaseless click of typewriters and the bustle of clerks. His study had become an office! And it met one like a blow in the face. Not every man could keep the spiritual fragrance in these surroundings, but he kept it. He was a supreme instance of the man of God, whether alone or in the rush. His spiritual fervour never declined. He was insatiable for conversions, and kept in all things the highest level without declining by a point. He was at every Keswick! His beautiful face and longish hair and Highland cloak drew eyes to him. No matter how cold a meeting, when William Ross spoke a hidden fire rose in it, and men left in a red glow. His biography by his son is a delightful book. Its story of Danny Frazer, a converted murderer, is golden. The murder took place on the site of Ross's Church. The conversion occurred years afterwards within that very church.

DR. JOHN G. CUNNINGHAM

Dr. John Cunningham had also to do with its beginnings. He was a lineal descendant of the Apostle John! What he inhaled came out as love. He was a fine classical scholar, and knew some

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modern languages. He came to Edinburgh as Colleague and Successor to that great mystic, Dr. Moody Stuart. Cunningham was not brilliant in the pulpit, but outside he walked in light. He was a man of stories, every one of them silver tipped. They had no broad lines, not one. Rather did they reveal a chaste and rich technique. A few of us were once in Brussels on Church deputation. Cunningham was one. There was a great trial on in the Law Courts. A young fellow had fired a pistol at King Edward in Brussels when he was Prince of Wales. The Court was full and many crowded to get in. Dr. Cunningham, with his jokes in French, so charmed the Police that they cleared a passage and he got in. That evening we were dined by Brussels Ecclesiastics in an hotel called the "Globe." Cunningham, detained by the trial, was late. When he found the room he said, with his face all asmirk, "I wondered in what quarter of the Globe I should find you!" It was at Church Soirées he was supreme. Fun was abundant, but the highest truths were enmeshed in it as in a heavenly web. If there was a thorny subject which failed in other hands, he was the man to re-handle it. He was simple, sincere, tender. Under his touch harsh things lost their edge. The tinge of Patmos never left him, and a Conference on spiritual themes was Home to him. In later life he was appointed to a Church in the Riviera, where he was supremely happy and supremely useful. How can I ever forget a day which we spent together, exploring the Palatine palaces of the Cæsars! In Dunblane

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Conference, as everywhere else, his rich velvety nature was a real pleasure to every one. At New College he was a member of Principal Dods' famous "Our Class."

The most distinguished survivor of those early Dunblane meetings is

DR. JAMES HASTINGS

of Bible Dictionary fame. Dr. Hastings' brain is a Telephone Exchange where all the Theologians of the world speak to each other. In his early ministry he took a deep interest in farm servants, drew them to him, and sweetened their lot. But he was born to be an editor, the greatest religious Editor in Britain. There has been none like him anywhere in our day. He has written extensively. His subjects have at times been the sport of wind and wave, but he is just the man to board a ship in lifting seas! He has done it again and again with success. Some people have trembled when they saw him mount a difficult horse, but no matter what horse, he sits in the saddle as if it were a sedan chair. His various dictionaries make a shelf of wonders! He is a perfect dungeon of learning, but he has never shed the bloom of his earlier simple preaching days. He left on many hearts at Dunblane impressions of humility and grace that went deep.

Dr. Thomas Adamson of Glasgow also helped considerably. His little book on the Spirit of Power is gold from Ophir. In it the Keswick position is clearly educed from Scripture, especially that Second Blessing which is called the Fulness. Every bit of

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the book is the fruit of research and thought. Addresses of that quality might well make the Dunblane Conference highly gainful.

Scotland's Keswick owed much to these Conferences.

All these varied influences made for the institution of a National Convention for Scotland.

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE CENTRAL TEACHING

THE Christian life, from its beginning to its eternity, is covered by three great stately terms—Justification, Sanctification, Glorification. These three are, to use the language of our school-days, the *Past*, *Present* and *Future Tenses* of Christian experience. The teaching of the Convention gathers round the middle term—the Present Tense. As the sun turns window-panes to diamonds, so God's light has made those tenses shine and spangle in many a heart. The Past and Future are Foundation-stone and Copestone. These regions of experience are a special protectorate of Heaven. From these Three Truths big blessings radiate to the furthest verges.

Strange to relate, the three stately terms are, all of them, battlefields. The Scottish people have long been used to battle, and love the scent of it. Theological battle has engrossing interest, here in the North.

Justification

The world's greatest warrior in this struggle was St. Paul. He was incomparable. His most brilliant victories were achieved on the red fields of

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Galatia and Rome. Centuries later, Luther rose to splendour. He received at the hands of Christendom a triumph greater than Rome ever accorded her victorious Generals. Scotland also fought magnificent battles for Religious Freedom. After them she by and by fell into a state of torpor. Here and there, it is true, a bright star illumined the darkness. Then came a crisis. The Established Church threw out from her bosom the Erskines and others. Revivals broke out. George Whitefield came North. Under his burning message audiences tingled with spiritual emotion. Two parties arose within the Scottish Church, known as the Evangelical and the Moderate. Thomas Chalmers, in his unconverted ministry, deeply loathed the Evangelicals. Afterwards, when he was converted, he became their mighty leader. He had a great following. He set Scotland on fire by his glorious preaching. The Atoning Death of Christ and Justification by Faith were his themes. The Moderates, on the other hand, preached Morality only, which meant Justification by Works. The natural heart finds in such preaching a relishable tang. That preaching quenched spiritual yearning. It had not one word to say of God's Free Grace. Dr. Hugh Blair's sermons became the model after which preachers strained. They were quite ordinary Discourses, colourless and bloodless. They were said to be emaciate in thought and innocent of passion. But they were couched in style and speech that gained the ear of the literary world. Blair became an Enthusiasm with ministers. Some of them in the far-off Highlands translated

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those sermons into Gaelic, and fed their famishing flocks on those cold collations from Edinburgh. Congregations up and down the country had to be served *à la carte*. The Evangelicals and Moderates became a piquant illustration of the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. The Moderates were the Pharisee. They boasted proudly of their high morals and ceremonial regularities. The Pharisee, as we may remember, wound himself up for the occasion. He sounded forth the notes of his merits and righteousness with the distinctness of a bell. His prayer gave the impression that he lived on the principle of "passbooks with Heaven." In these passbooks he found home and shelter. The Evangelicals were like the brokendown Publican, who smote penitently on his miserable breast. He sought all his refuge in the pardoning mercy of God. "I tell you," said Christ, "this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." Justification, as every Scotsman knows, is the placing of the soul in a relation of Peace with God.

Sanctification

This is the theme that more immediately concerns us here. Surprising to say, it also has become a battle-cry. Here again are two camps. They correspond somewhat roughly to the Evangelicals and Moderates of Justification. There is the Camp of Sanctification-by-Faith, and the Camp of Sanctification-by-Effort. There is this difference, however, that in both of these more modern camps there are

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devoted and passionately earnest followers and lovers of the Lord Jesus.

Sanctification-by-Effort has been described as Sanctification-by-craning-the-neck! St. Paul maintained that Justification was not one bit by Works. It was by Faith only. Yet Works have their place and relation to Justification. What is that place? St. James shows it clearly when he suggests that he would manifest his Justification by means of his works. Works are, in his view, the result and evidence of Justification. Never in any sense its cause or its foundation.

Bishop Moule when training students for the ministry, in his Cambridge days, used to emphasize the place of "good works," not merely as *evidences* of Justification, nor even only *results* of it, but as *the result for which it exists*. The fruit of a vine, he would say, is no doubt good proof that the wood is alive. It is a result of the life. So also are the leaves. But what the *fruit* is, and not the leaves, is the *raison d'être*, the final cause of the life of the wood. The tree *exists for fruit*. And Justification's end is to make us like Christ. A life of good works is its fruit. But good works do not *cause* Justification or call it into existence. Justification is there first. It comes by Faith.

Sanctification also is "by faith that is in Christ Jesus." Its relationship to effort and works has perplexed inquiring minds. Such expressions as *Resist, Fight, Mortify, Work out, Labour, Press toward the mark*, etc., appear to imply strenuous effort. Many seekers after the way of Sanctification

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accordingly conclude that it lies along the line of effort, just as the first thought of the awakened soul in seeking Justification is "What must I *do*?" Now, there can be no practical Sanctification without moral purpose. But neither moral purpose nor the works that may follow upon it can sanctify the soul. God Himself, through the power of the Holy Spirit, is the blessed Sanctifier, and faith is the channel through which Sanctification is received. No effort of the Christian can procure it. No work of his can retain it. Faith is the desideratum. Are we called upon to resist the devil? The command is, "Whom resist steadfast in the *faith*." Are we taught to mortify our members which are upon the earth? The exhortation is based upon that statement of mystic fact which can be apprehended by faith alone, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Are we to work out our own Salvation with fear and trembling? It is because God worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure. Are we to labour to enter into rest? It is because "A promise has been left us of rest" and "those who *believe* enter into it." *Unbelief* is explicitly given as the cause of falling from it. Are we to press toward the mark? It is because righteousness-by-the-law has been abandoned, and we have found and embraced that which is "through the *faith* of Christ, which is of God *by faith*."

The appeal of the Christian in the presence of temptation or sin or distress is never to himself. Nor is it to his own effort or power or any quality in himself. That would be running into a thunder-

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storm for shelter. It is an appeal to God in Christ through faith. He appeals in the full knowledge that God has suffered for his sin in the person of His own Son, and that God has come to abide in his heart by His own Holy Spirit. Thereby God becomes the active power towards holiness in the Christian's life. Such an appeal, if made in faith, can never be made in vain. The Thanksgiving for the Victory that follows upon it may fitly say, "For Thine is the power and the glory."

In order then to illustrate the relation of Sanctification to Effort, let us look once more at the act of Justification. Justification is by Faith only. Yet in many men there is a deep preparatory work of conviction. Our fathers described it as *Law-work*. The effect of *Law-work* is to rouse and sting alive the soul to a thrilling interest in Divine things. By its painful stroke it turns men, like so many John Bunyans, into earnest seekers. They then passionately long for the wonderful mercy of Justification. These states of mind are sometimes overwhelmingly fiery. They do not bring about Justification. If they did it might fairly be affirmed that every man who passed through such an upheaval became *ipso facto* justified. Some men, alas! only pass through such terrors to a more jeopardous darkness. And multitudes of believers never had those lurid experiences. They are not absolutely necessary. But many of the greatest saints suffered these veritable pains of hell. They alarm and rouse men towards Justification. They do not effectuate it. Faith

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alone does that. They rouse and make alive, and life consists in what men are most alive to.

Turning to Sanctification, we find that with many Christians there is a similar process. It is one partly of terrifying conviction, partly of desperate effort and heartbreaking failure.

Oh, the regret, the struggle and the failing !
Oh, the days desolate and useless years !
Vows in the night, so fierce and unavailing,
Stings of my shame and passion of my tears !

Not every Christian has this anguish, but thousands have. What is it ? It may be the conviction of God's Spirit on account of sin. If so, the sin should be confessed and forsaken, and Forgiveness obtained. Or it may be the result of earnest effort after Sanctification by Works, and not by Faith. That brings bitter bondage to the Christian. It is a bondage akin to that which comes to him who seeks Justification by Works.

Effort after Sanctification soon produces the thralldom described so vividly by St. Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans. Or again, it is akin to the enslavement of his Galatians, who, having begun in the Spirit, sought by works to be perfected in the flesh. It was to them Paul tersely addressed the questions, " Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law or by the hearing of faith ? Are ye so foolish ? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect in the flesh ? " The Works of the Law represent the sore efforts which some Christians make to reach the more perfect life. To-day so

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many walk there, that it is a deeply-rutted path. Jacob's experience is an illustration. What a night of dire struggle he had at Peniel! He wrestled with all his might through weary hours of stress and sweat. At the break of dawn the Angel smote him on what is specially the wrestler's sinew. It tore and shrank under the terrible impact. That brought Jacob to the end of his wrestling. He threw his arms around the Angel's neck, and clung to him helplessly. The forces he had deployed lost the day. It was this clinging that brought Victory. He passed from a struggling to a resting faith. That made him at once a prince with God. There have been men who were tempted to give Christ up altogether, because He did not respond to their struggles. Were responses given to mere struggle there would be immense danger of increasing man's self-pride. God responds to Faith only. That does not glorify man. It glorifies Christ. The great Theologians of the Past fought the battle of Justification-by-Faith with entire and concentrated strength. They did not have the time to buckle on their armour for the battle of Sanctification-by-Faith. Nor was there the same clamant call. Yet this all-important doctrine was not wholly neglected. It has commanded an imposing place in our day. Rightly so. But in the ranks of the Past-Masters of Theology there was one champion. He blazed forth the doctrine of Sanctification. Let us turn to him.

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WALTER MARSHALL

It is universally admitted that the British Classic on Sanctification is Walter Marshall's Treatise, written 220 years ago. He defines Sanctification as *a holy frame and disposition*—a quite simple and sufficient definition.

His every syllable is worth pondering. That frame, he says, is prepared and brought to an existence for us in Christ. As we are justified by having Christ's Righteousness *imputed* to us, so are we sanctified by having Christ's Disposition *imparted* to us. Imputed and Imparted, and both by Faith! Marshall proceeds further, and says, We are not to work *with* Christ in producing this holy Disposition in ourselves. We have simply to take it *ready-made* from His Hand. Ready made! The words are startling. They might well be marked by triple stars. Now, this Walter Marshall is not a flighty or sensational writer. There are writers whose theories are fine and unsubstantial as woven air. Not so he. He is a sane old-fashioned Puritan who walks on solid rocks of Scripture. It is the deep scripturalness of his teaching that gives it rank. Marshall says there are multitudes of earnest Christians "at sea" on Sanctification. His words are, "They account that though they be justified by a Righteousness wrought out by Christ, yet they must be sanctified by a Holiness wrought out by themselves." Many people ask, Have we not to take up arms against our sins and evil habits? Is it not God's clear instruction that we are to attack

our bad passions, and crush them to the dust? Not at all, says this deep and thoughtful Student of the Divine Record. The Old Man in us is overcome and destroyed, not by wounds that we give to it. It is overcome by simply accepting from Christ that emancipation from the Old Man which is already wrought out for us. Already wrought out for us! That knocks our notions all abroad. We may well rub our eyes. Have we read our Bibles all our days and failed to see this? This Emancipation is "wrought out," and now waits our acceptance. Thousands who read the Scriptures fail to see it. They are like men who still sit in prison after the door is thrown open. If this Emancipation from evil habits is ready-made and waits, how does it become our practical possession? This valiant Theologian answers, God's instrument of Conveyance is the Gospel, *our instrument of Reception is Faith*. Many who find their lives a perfect tangle should consider these words. They sin and fall, and strive and struggle, and weep and sob. What re-treadings of the same old way! It is a weary round of resolutions and toils and failures. It reminds one of men who set up in business with a Capital of Debts! A hope tugs at their hearts, but they know not what it is, or where to be realized. They sometimes adventure into an entirely different set of efforts, but only to fall back more beaten and sore. The Old Man in them is simply unsubduable. To human effort he ever remains so. But He who presents "the holy frame," which is "ready-made" for us, puts things on a new footing. This Holy

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Frame or Disposition is not an achievement won. It is God's donation to us. We cannot do anything to create it or to merit it. It is already created. We simply receive it. It is not an *attainment* which we secure by climb or toil or struggle of ours. That would be a frustrating of the Grace of God. It is an *obtainment*, by Christ's free gift. The taking of it is by Faith. The entire Christian life, from start to finish, is a gift at every step, a gift that becomes ours by Faith only. "The life I now live in the flesh I live by Faith" is Paul's summing up of everything that is Christian. Faith, then, is the one and alone door by which every blessing enters. We try struggle, and effort, and desperate resolution, in order to lay down lines by which the coveted grace may arrive. But the lines are narrow-gauge. They are unauthorized and unworkable. Disappointment comes apace to chill our hopes. We fail because we make to ourselves a spiritual Samuel Smiles who proclaims aloud a Gospel of Self-Help!

The Shorter Catechism has been regarded in Scotland as a worthy compendium of the Teachings of the Bible. It has always been looked on as an eminently sane, broad-minded and profound document. It says, Sanctification is the Work of God's Free Grace. God Himself is the Worker. The work He does in Sanctification is continuous. Justification is an act, instantaneous, once for all. Sanctification is a process. It is a continuous process carried on by God in the soul of the Christian. It is not an effort carried out by the Christian himself.

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The process should not be resisted or fought against. It has to be accepted and yielded to. By our taking from Christ's hand the "holy frame," day by day we are enabled more and more, as the Shorter Catechism says, to live unto Righteousness. We grow towards the Heavenly perfection as the dawn towards noonday splendour. This Shorter Catechism phrase, "More and more," throws light on various bearings of Sanctification. It implies (1) that the perfect life does not spring to its full stature at a bound. It develops. There have been men who said they were as holy here on earth as they expected to be in Heaven. It was small compliment to the life in Heaven! The phrase implies (2) that the Old Nature is still left in us. It is not eradicated. You meet occasionally with people who carry a private key to the Garden of Eden! They are foolish enough, and ill-informed enough, to say that sin is eradicated. It is merely thrown out of Commission. It is present in every Believer, however greatly sanctified he may be. The Holy Disposition puts it into a state of submergence. It does not annihilate it, this side of Death. Peter stepped out and walked on the waters of Galilee. By all the laws of Gravitation he should have gone down. But so long as his faith gripped Christ's Power, that power held him up. It was by counter-action and counter-balance he kept on the top. In like manner, the Holy Spirit yielded to, in the heart, is the greater counter-balance. He puts the Old Nature under. The phrase implies (3) that sinless perfection is impossible in this life. "More and

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more " covers the entire period of our existence here. If it did not, the Catechism would have told us. St. John declares with an accent of finality that if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves. He must have looked across at the Perfectionists of his day with a twinkle in his eye and said, It is *yourselves* you deceive. Let me assure you that the deception travels no farther! It has been said that the sinlessness of Jesus was the mightiest miracle about His earthly life. The more we ponder it, the more His sinlessness fills us with wonder. For us, with the Old Nature more or less dormant within us, absolute sinlessness on earth is for ever unimaginable. To St. John's teaching on "Sin" and "Sin not," reference was made in the sketch of Otto Stockmayer.

CHAPTER II

RELATED THEMES

I

Abandonment of Known Sin

WHAT we know to be distinctly wrong we are bound, by every principle and sanction of reason, morality and religion, to get rid of. The question, *How to get rid of it*, is quite another thing. Not by hammer and battery, and not by setting our teeth with

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desperate determination against it. That method of slogging, let it be granted, has with some men achieved results. But how? It has simply transferred the reins from one passion to another. Mostly, it is from a coarse and visible passion to a more subtle, tiptoe and elusive power. That power entrenches itself, with every blow, more deeply and dangerously in the soul. We all know something of the Natural History of Pride, and how it comports itself. It feeds upon our virtues and fattens on our spiritual victories. The world calls these victories by the name of Self-Mastery. In reality they spell Self-Defeat. In any case it is not Christ-Mastery which is the one safe and permanent victory. Christ-Mastery never comes by self-effort, but by self-surrender. Effort and battery only drive the foe into subterranean fastnesses. Well-meaning men fail often to see this. Nothing leads to self-righteousness like those victories that come to us through struggle. They force to bloom our self-importance. The Righteous Self, which is a compression of all other kinds of Self, is infinitely more difficult to dislodge than the sinful Self. Effort fails. We have to learn the blessedness of truce from self-struggle. Nothing but faith can avail. Faith is magnetic to Christ. It draws Him. He hastens to our rescue. The Faith-Way is rose-strewn, less painful and more victorious. It means that as Children of Grace we take all our Freedoms as gifts from Christ's Hands. When a man is soundly converted his evil habits drop. "The expulsive power of a new affection" is in vigorous operation. Bad companionships,

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blasphemous speech, and godless practices fall as by charm. This is true of the man reared in the purlieus of vice. It also holds in respect of one nurtured in a Christian home. There is a marked change. As the convert goes on, new things begin to emerge as evils above his horizon. They had all along been in his life. Now they rise to visibility. Worldly men would, of course, say that he was afflicted with an unreasonable sense of punctilio. But, trifling as they appear to others, these things are hindrances to him. They stunt and dwarf him. Go they must. To cherish one such thing is to court spiritual disaster. What were formerly likeable things, now seem doubtful. What were doubtful, now assume a forbidden hue. Things, in themselves not wrong, now become wrong, because of their too engrossing appeal. Wise men disentangle themselves from such. It is eminently reasonable to do so. St. Paul is clear as crystal on that point, and that line is strongly taken by the Keswick teachers. Every ensnaring thing is to be abandoned, not by a painful tearing out of the desire, but by taking from Christ's hand the victory which is waiting "ready made."

II

Entire Surrender to God's Will

Here is a high reach. Because it is so high, many turn from it and prefer to live a Backwoods life. No one can read the New Testament without seeing that the Will of God is the one controlling

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Will for the Christian. His own will must yield to that. To the extent in which it does not yield there is rebellion, and rebellion is slavery. We are made slaves by our own Compulsion. *Peace, Love, Joy*, the three watchwords that flash on the banners which wave over the Keswick tents, are the fruits of complete surrender to the Will of God. It is on our Wills our Destinies hinge. Our feelings and emotions are surface things as compared with our Wills. The teachers of Keswick press inward to the region of the Will. There they are in contact with the interior and tremendous forces of the soul. Man, who was framed from the ground, is a wonderful compost of dust and divinity. He was made in God's Image. It is in the most august powers of the Will that that now blurred Image is most visible. It is in our Wills the stupendous issues of the soul are decided. Hence the growth of the Christian life is conditioned by them. When Faith stretches up its hand to receive the "holy frame" from Christ, it carries our Will in its palm. It is the only poor price we can offer. The moment our Will is surrendered, or presented, life loses its grey and its drab, and flushes into pink and rose. We take the tide at its flood, and Heaven's fortunes flow fast on us. Christ's delight was to do the Father's Will. The Christian reaches supreme happiness when the Will of God becomes *his* delight. Sin makes us purblind. We then miss the exquisite in God's Will. Satan fills us with fear and suspicion of it, and we come to regard the Will of God as severe and hostile. That is the unkindest distrust of our

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Heavenly Father. One day all the things that dim our vision will thin out. In the lift of the mist we shall see that the Will of God is Pleasure's Crown of Pleasure. Some have called it the Sweet Will, others the Adorable. So long as our Wills project we shall never know rest, for a half-tide rock is never clear of sweeping seas. All the discords of our inner being are resolved into harmonies the moment we accept God's Will, and cover our Will in His.

"In His Will is our Tranquillity."

III

The Governorship of Christ

We were redeemed by Christ at immeasurable cost. We are owned by Him. We used to live on our own resources. It was like living on "Nothing a year," as compared to the bounties we now enjoy. "All things are yours." We are the bondservants of Christ, as Paul delightfully calls himself. He surely greatens as a Christian who lets this soak deep into the marrow of his bones. It is then he appreciates George Herbert's expression, "An oriental fragranciness, my Master!" Some one has said that the average Christian lives under a limited monarchy, and that he himself is the all-powerful Prime Minister. His word is final. As soon as his eyes open to the real and supreme rights of Christ, a revolution takes place. Christ steps to the Throne

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as Absolute Monarch. The Prime Minister resigns. The Government henceforth is on Christ's shoulders. The Christian up till now has been in charge of himself ! He lays aside this responsibility, and rolls all the affairs of his life over on Christ. He yields unreservedly and unconditionally to Christ's Rule. Henceforth he inscribes over everything he does, "*On Christ's Majestic Service.*" The brand of the Lord Jesus is on him. Christ's Sovereignty is one of unquestioned right. It is like a despotism, a sweet and absolute despotism. The Christian has no wish to have it relaxed by one jot. He is exquisitely content with Christ. It is an ambrosial experience. He blesses Paul for that phrase, "The bondservant of Jesus Christ." He kisses it. It is more fragrant to him than the spices of Araby. Do you call him a prisoner ? He is glad to be it. Like a bird that bursts into song, he pipes gloriously in the luxury of his bonds. This loving Master who poured out His heart's blood for His servants, binds them to Himself with chains of inexpressible blessedness and beauty. To the inner ear of the Christian the clanking of those chains is like a sacred oratorio. These are the bridal hours of the Christian. Christ, his Master, has all power in Heaven and Earth. He is able to make all grace to abound to His bondservant. He is able to keep him to the Everlasting Kingdom. He makes every happening a blessing, and evil things he turns round about for His servant's good. Christ annexes everything. He transmutes for His follower the black facts of life into spiritual romances. That is the result of the Absolute, Loving

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Governorship of Christ. No wonder that the servant who knows such a Master confides in Him wholly.

They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

IV

The Indwelling of the Holy Spirit

It would be impossible to deal with the subject of Sanctification and not make much of the Person and Work of the Holy Ghost. He is called Holy because it is His special office to produce holiness in men. Dr. Elder Cumming has remarked that in his time the revival of Spiritual life has had three periods or stages, the Evangelistic stage, the Holiness-teaching stage, and the Doctrine of the Holy Ghost stage. It is clear from Scripture that the Holy Spirit came on some men to make them excel in service. Workers in the building of the Tabernacle like Bezaleel, warriors like Gideon and Samson, and the disciples at Pentecost, received the enduement for service. Others again were filled with the Holy Ghost from their infancy. It must be clear that those latter had the Holy Spirit for character rather than for service. It is quite possible that the Holy Spirit may be given for the one and not for the other. But oftenest He is given for both. It is the Holy Spirit in His relation to character, or Sanctification, that bears most directly on this teaching. Many Students of Scripture have distinguished between the Sealing, the Infilling and

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the Anointing of the Holy Spirit, and have found much personal profit in these distinctions. The heading of this paragraph, the Indwelling, is used in a broad sense, and as a convenient term to express the relation of the Spirit to the sanctified soul. Many pray for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Others say the Spirit has been once for all poured out and need not be prayed for. He was bestowed on the Church once for all by gift of Christ at Pentecost. These differences arise very much over mere words. We do not linger on them. Broadly, the Holy Spirit acts in a man along the lines of the man's own personality. It is not enforcement, but development, easy, smooth and natural. Those qualities of the man that open to the Holy Spirit blossom out. Those that do not, shrivel. The Spirit breathes on what is good and worthy, and along those lines the man grows into the image of Christ. The Holy Spirit creates in the soul a new atmosphere, in which what were formerly dim lights now kindle to incandescence.

The Holy Spirit as Indweller controls the soul. He has His Hand on the wheel. It is His Presence that quickens Faith to receive from Christ the "holy frame." It is He that brings the soul into Communion with God. He tunes the Receiver in our heart to the same key as the Transmitter in Heaven, so that the messages do not miscarry. He brings our Wills into harmony with God's. Without Him Sanctification were impossible.

V

Communion with God

While the Holy Spirit is the Author, prayer is the means of Communion. But all prayer is not deep Communion with God. Prayer has its outer Court, its Holy Place and its Holy of Holies. When prayer reaches to this last, it makes us suburban citizens of Heaven. The music of the New Jerusalem floats out to us. There are many earnest, passionate prayers that belong to the outer Court. It is only men of the real prayer-life that find its chief joy to lie in deep communion. These men eat their meals from Crown Derby plates of the heavenly sort.

This Communion with God is of the very essence of the life of Trust. I was at Keswick in 1899, the year in which Principal Rainy attended the Convention. There was a meeting called of Scottish people. Dr. Rainy was at that meeting. Several worthy addresses and testimonies were given. Principal Rainy rose towards the close. I remember the scene vividly. Dr. Elder Cumming, who was the leading Scottish speaker on the Keswick platform, hurriedly left his seat, and planted himself right in front of the Principal. He was most eager to catch his every syllable. Principal Rainy said he was in full sympathy with the teaching of the Convention. He was humbly of opinion that Communion with God, in prayer, covered the position which the Convention occupied. Principal Rainy had a fine genius for going to the heart of a thing.

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He went to the heart of the thing here. Many men who never read a line of Walter Marshall, and who never heard of Keswick or its doctrine, have lived the life of continuous victory in a deep and close fellowship with God. Communion in prayer brings to them everything which Keswick stands for. St. John brings it before us as a *life of Union with Christ*. That is the foundation. On that, St. John urges the *Abiding in Christ*, a theme which Andrew Murray has beautifully elaborated through many chapters. Ministers from the Highlands who come to Keswick say that there is not one strange new note in all they hear. Their Sacramental Communion of five days' services have brought people into that holy atmosphere where the odours and perfumes of Heaven are wafted to them. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal wrote, years ago, to a friend of hers in Edinburgh, and said, "*Now* I understand why Dr. S. found nothing new in this teaching. He told me he had been under Dr. Candlish's ministry. So no wonder, for that splendid book of his, on the First Epistle of St. John, is just *it*. But we have not had that teaching in England." Candlish's book is on the glories of Communion with God. Some Scottish ministers have said the *language* of Keswick was somewhat new to them. It sounded like an unknown tongue, yet they had a sort of Pentecostal understanding of it. Others have said there was nothing new to them except the new emphasis. Men who dwell on the Mount know the thing. Were we to fall from that blessed fellowship with God

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the Old Nature would at once rise into acute activity. We should then be like the Ancient Mariner who saw his dead comrades rise to life, and heave at the ropes. Communion with God has not necessarily the cloisterous air of the Minster about it. It can be carried into the Open. The life that is neutral-tinted and ashen becomes then changed to opalescence. The practice of the Presence of God keeps the soul open for the "holy frame." The Holy Spirit in supplying this holy disposition keeps the Old Adam in us in a state of eclipse. This Communion also carries with it a sweet and joyful Assurance, which is infinitely better than that Subjunctive Mood in which so many Christians are content to live. And what uplifting visions the soul gets in these hours of Communion! "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things."

CHAPTER III

OBJECTIONS

VARIOUS objections have been made to the Teaching, to its apparent lopsidedness and to its effects. It is with much diffidence I adventure on brief statement and answer.

(1) It is said that while Justification is a gift of God, pure and simple, Sanctification is a *duty* as well as a gift. Keswick, it is objected, eliminates

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every trace of duty from Sanctification. At first sight that may appear to be true. Is there no place for *duty* in our Justification? Are there not certain conditions that we must fulfil before we can be justified? Conditions necessarily imply obligation. There must be an adjustment of our Wills to God's conditions ere our relation to Him issues in our Justification. Duty and Gift imblend themselves here. In our Sanctification there are also conditions. There is the duty of taking and keeping the right attitude for receiving the holy disposition.

(2) It is objected that the Keswick teaching leaves no room for the soul's activity. The soul is represented as passive, and it receives the blessing passively. That deprives it of all initiative. It reduces the soul to a condition of suspended animation, or something akin. Now this impression probably arises in some measure from the necessary inadequacy of illustrations that are pressed into the service. It is sometimes said that, as a jar kept with open mouth to the stream is always full, so a soul, kept open to Christ, is always in overflow. The soul, however, is not a jar. The soul is a quivering, living force, and influences are at play in it which never rise in a dead vessel. The jar is passive in its reception of the water, but a soul palpitating with emotion and will and thought cannot be passive. It has to keep open, by diligent will-power, the Communication with Christ. St. Jude puts it "Keeping yourselves in the love of God." That involves activity.

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(3) Keswick teaching, it is said, divides all Christians sharply and rigidly into two classes: those who have received the first blessing only, and those who have travelled to the second. What is called the first blessing is Conversion. The second is Sanctification. It is quite true that a second crisis is often spoken of as distinct and as clear as that which occurs at Conversion. Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Pierson, and many others have referred to that second crisis in their own experience. In the soul's history there may be several crises, or several great beginnings, when vital truths flash on us their rousing lights. Dr. Dale tells of such an experience when the truth of Christ's having risen burned its way into the depths of his spirit.

Sanctification must necessarily begin at Conversion. In many cases there are obstructions. The progress is arrested and slow or meagre and invisible. "I speak unto you as unto babes in Christ," said St. Paul. Progress was infinitesimal. Those Corinthian Christians were carnal. Sanctification is, of course, a process. It may start into real growth in a crisis, but it most certainly is a process. If a process, then, Christians may be found at every various stage, from lowest rung to highest step. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn. There are many Christians, like those St. Paul writes to, who occupy various backward stages, and have never enterprized upon the forward Scripture path of victory. Even among those who have, there is a distinguishing into classes: those who take the "Ready-made frame" day by day, and those who

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take it once in a while only. When it is said that there may be one moment of sudden and signal illumination, and also that there may be continuous processes of ever varying stages, it does not follow that the two accounts are discrepant.

(4) Keswick, it is objected, belittles Conversion and opens the door to the doctrine of the believer's liability to fall finally from Christ. If a man is converted only, he is still in league (so Keswick is held to say) with the god of this world. This objectionable statement would probably not be made if there were no seeming ground for it. Those who have been soundly taught in Scripture never admit that you can be in Christ to-day, out to-morrow, and in again next day. Regeneration is so stupendous a change that it is final, so far as any beginning can be final. He who is truly converted is born to an inalienable principality of grace. He is in Christ. He is called to a kingdom and glory. The Keswick leaders emphasize that. They speak of Justification as necessarily preparatory to their teaching. It is only to the justified and the regenerated that the Keswick teaching of Sanctification is addressed. At the same time it is possible that very imperfect utterances may have come from some men who fail to grasp the heritage of splendour which Justification and Regeneration confer. With a right grounding in God's word we are not in danger of belittling conversion.

(5) Sanctification *per saltum*, it is said, is wholly inconsistent with God's great and general law of

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gradual development. The acorn never springs at a bound to fulness of oak, nor the child to manhood. In reply, the doctrine of Sanctification-by-Faith is not the doctrine of *per saltum* or sudden bound. It is the doctrine that if the child is healthy it will *grow* to healthy manhood. Health may suddenly come to a child who is ill. A dislocated joint may in a moment be adjusted. If not set right it will hinder development of the limb. Set right and kept right the child grows to the full stature. So does the soul. The act of Faith keeps open the path of Communication with Christ. Christ communicates Himself in the "Ready-made frame" as our Sanctification. By His many impartings we grow from small beginnings to fulness of holiness. Development is as dominant a law in Sanctification as in physical nature, and the executioner of that great law is Faith.

(6) It is said that the greatest saints on record were men who had deep struggles and wrestlings, with alternations of dense darkness and brilliant light. The wrestle in the dark, it is said, lends a mellowing to character. In a world, constituted like ours, there will always be difficulty and darkness and strong cryings and tears. That alone is the kind of world in which Faith gets a chance. But it is not by grim struggle and sweat the soul wins through, but by yielding and receiving. Do not the greatest saints sometimes, indeed often, take their eyes off the Master, and fix them, as Peter did, on the angry waves, only to find themselves sinking in the trough. It is the look to Christ, and not

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the struggle with the sea, that brings deliverance. When our Galilean lakes are in storm, as they are certain to be, let us remember that it is Faith and not the cry of distress Christ emphasizes: "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?"

(7) It is objected that Keswick teaching induces a tendency to Antinomian laxity. We throw off the soul's grand allies, such as the Ten Commandments, and confederate with principles that laugh God's sacred laws out of our lives. There may unhappily be men who wrest the grace of Christ to their own undoing. Every reader of the New Testament knows the ancientness of that evil. If Salvation is wholly of grace, let us take our plunge, said men in Paul's time. Where sin abounds, grace will the more abound. God forbid. The race of Antinomians is never quite extirpate. We do not dream of legalizing salvation because some men distort and frustrate the gift. Nor must Keswick shrink because some men may twist its truth. We must simply accept all the risks of Free Grace.

(8) It is said that Keswick teaching roots the masculine and heroic out of Christian experience, and makes life fit for the cloister only. Perhaps that objection can best be met by an example. Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was a follower of Keswick teaching and shared warmly in its propagation, had a keen life that seemed to crop every sort of difficulty. His life was never on the easy horizontal. It was one of public and laborious service. None but a hero could have faced without daunt his gigantic

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barriers. What fortress could he not storm? The sustainedness of his courage was admirable. He was gentle, it is true. It was the gentleness that sprang from a virile and mighty faith. Where most men would be beaten beyond recruit, he rose victorious.

(9) Keswick doctrine is said to break the bounds and become too mystical. It could not possibly be more mystical than St. Paul. His great words, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," rupture the line. He says we were buried with Christ, rose with Christ, are seated in the Heavenlies with Christ. These have been described as Paul's obituary references to himself. But they refer to all who are in Christ. They betray an opulence of mysticism, which Christian minds richly enjoy. There must necessarily be a margin of the un-understandable around every spiritual experience, the margin of "The wind bloweth where it listeth." There are mountains which appear as ethereal in the far distance, as if they were composed of the evening sky. But all the same they are built of solid granite. There are experiences that seem intangible and yet are palpable facts. Let us beware of reducing spiritual life to mere machinery. We are apt to forget that when we deal with the human spirit we are in the region of what is imponderable. Men who deal with the rarer spiritual experiences use speech that to many ears may be of the hazy and involute order, but every syllable is clear to those who *know*.

(10) Keswick, it is said, is dangerously apt to rest on and magnify the soul's "inner light" as

its chief guide. That objection is easily disposed of. The leading service on every day of the Convention is a Bible Reading. It is this "outer light" that is brought to bear on every phase of experience and practice. If the teaching is marked by one thing more than another, it is by its biblicalness. It is the objectified, and not the inner, light that is regarded as the one safe guide in Keswick teaching. Prebendary Webb-Peploe and his Scripture touchstone for everything, great and small, is a sufficient answer to this objection.

(11) It has been affirmed that the method of Sanctification is largely temperamental. "The Keswick method suits our friends on the English side of the Border, but it is not fitted for the harder and tougher Scottish side." It is surely true that Christian experience in various souls must bear the various mark of race, heritage and theological training, but within limits. A friend of wide observation has told me that he often observed that men, who have a deep struggle of soul at Conversion, are plunged into a similar storm before further and later blessings. Those who glide into Conversion by imperceptible stages pass to other deeper experiences in the same tranquil way. Now, Conversions of the rough-weather kind are not determined by geographical frontier, not even by racial difference, nor wholly by theological upbringing. Nor does the halcyon mood favour the hatching of joy in English hearts only. Thousands of Englishmen have had tempestuous Conversion, and thousands of Scotsmen have been wakened into it

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as by a kiss. If my friend's observation is accurate, the lines cross and criss-cross in the region of Sanctification.

(12) Keswick, it is affirmed, leans towards, if it does not actually favour, sinless perfection. Probably in the early stages there might have been rash statements. Mr. Pearsall Smith, one of the first movers, was a business man with the lay eye. He was not a theologian. But Keswick was soon in the hands of trained and careful students of God's Word. There is not, to-day, the slightest pretext for saying that it leans to Perfectionism. On the contrary it is keen and searching and insistent on the subject of sin, and sin's continued presence in the sanctified heart.

(13) Keswick is apt to develop, it is said, a spiritual uppishness and superior self-consciousness. "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Its followers have spoken, as Dr. Boardman did, of the *Higher* Christian life, and they look down, it is said, on those who are on the plains. That surely cannot be the case. Acts of Faith do not puff up and make proud those who exercise them. Quite the reverse. Such acts belittle self. "Are you the woman of great Faith?" "Oh, dear, no. I am the woman of little Faith in a Great Saviour."

(14) It is said that Keswick promotes spiritual indisposition and delicacy. Men are occupied so exclusively there with the condition of their own souls that there is no room for the sorrows and needs of the world. "It is an atmosphere of introspection. It tends only to chronic valetudinarianism."

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Any one who attends the Saturday crowded missionary meeting at Keswick, and listens to what Keswick does for the heathen, would be slow to ventilate this kind of objection. The most earnest and aggressive workers in the world find themselves perfectly at home at Keswick. The Chairman who occupied the Chair for ten years at Scotland's Keswick told me that he was attracted first of all to the movement by reports of Keswick's passion for foreign missions.

(15) It is urged that the clamant social problems of Capital and Labour, of Housing, of Sweating, etc., etc., are treated by Keswick as if they were non-existent. In reply, it has to be remembered that these social themes are controversial to a high degree. Keswick and its offspring-Conventions are Retreats where a certain quiet and soundlessness are necessary. To introduce clamorous subjects of the battlefield would be the ruination of the object for which people "come apart." Besides, as is well known, some of the leaders and speakers at Keswick have taken, at their own homes, a deep personal share in social work. Let me instance just four. In England Dr. F. B. Meyer set on foot a service of mercy for discharged prisoners, meeting them personally at the prison-gate, and using every means to help them to a reclaimed life. In Scotland the Rev. David M. Macintyre of Finnieston Church gave his one rest-day (Monday forenoon) to writing articles on those knotty social problems which objectors say Keswick leaders leave entirely outside their pale. I read some of these articles when they appeared. In Ireland Dr. Henry

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Montgomery, who has been on the platform of Scotland's Keswick, left, with great sacrifice and gameness, a comfortable congregation in Belfast, to take up religious and social work in a quarter of blows and brawls. There Belfast decanted her undesirables and her criminals into a tumultuary tide of sin. There, Dr. Montgomery found that acute social problems pierced to the very quick of him. In Wales the Rev. Seth Joshua, who was also identified with Scotland's Keswick, was organizer of Institutional Churches. These Churches are called to deal particularly with social problems, and to give wisely guidance.

(16) It is hinted that Keswick harps too much on what may be termed two minor forms of evil—bad temper and tobacco-smoking. Keswick, it is said, bans them as if they were most mortal! Smaller allotments of attention might perhaps be given to these cases. It is said that many good men have entertained tobacco into their daily service. That is true. The pardonableness of Keswick's attitude arises from this, that these two things, temper and smoking, are eminently observable things. If, in the arousalment of conscience, a man is in any degree troubled about these two things, they lend themselves to very visible victory. Men who know life, and hold the key of the street, know how much may turn in an hour of crisis on some such trifle as a tobacco-pouch. It is the outstanding visibility of temper and smoking that constitute them marked points of departure. There are other evils infinitely deeper, and infinitely worse—revenge,

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unforgiveness, scornful pride, etc., and to these the Keswick teaching specially cuts its way. It is in these alive and hidden sins the chief concussions occur. And yet it is not by concussion there is victory.

(17) Keswick disciples, it is averred, are grim, severe, narrow, and lacking in all the humanities. They carry with them the bed of Procrustes! If people are too long for the bed, their limbs are chopped off to the precise measurement. If they are shorter, their bodies must be stretched to the exact size! That is not a cheering process. There are, no doubt, severe and intolerable people in every fraternity. There are also those whose solemnity in trifles is monumental. Quite likely some of these grim critics go to Keswick. May Heaven make them more human and kindly, and may Love's own hand spruce them up and deck them in gala dress! What impresses most visitors to Keswick, however, is the rejuvenescence, the abounding brightness, the thrill and natural joy. The speakers' eyes gleam with life. They evidently live beside the fountains of humour. Ripples pass over their great audiences, and occasionally a wave of laughter. The neighbourlinesses and the gallantries of life are fostered, and these are in concordant setting with the central teaching. Quickened hearts sense things quickly, and enjoy the grotesque as well as the finely spiritual. No doubt there are hours of crisis at Keswick, hours of the deepest solemnity. In the eyes of many men earnest people appear to be too intense and narrow, but earnestness need not be unlovely or harsh. How intense and how wide the mind of Christ!

Objections

(18) It is objected, in a general way, that Keswick makes demands for sacrifices that are too sweeping. One reason is that Keswick believes in the happiness that is *solidly* healthy, and not, as some one says, *glancingly* happy. Sacrifice combines the composing elements of the human heart to sweeter and more beautiful formation. Christ made striking demands on men, very extreme demands, and He knew. We are too easily made the thralls of fear, and our courage and faith get wilted. We shrink from experimentation of anything that strips us, and we do not think of the inward forces that come as glad rewards. Every soul that makes a sacrifice is conscious of deep impulsions. He expects the unexpected, and gets it. There is somewhere, deep within us, a noble something that answers to the call for sacrifice. Sacrifice is a voice that awakes an echo. Those who pamper themselves live, as some one says, on the crawl. Very otherwise with those who face up, and do not let the iron in them give out. "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." They who do not follow may get pickings. Those who follow get a feast.

This platterful of objections might possibly be heaped higher. Some have been anticipated in other parts of this volume.

PART III

Officebearers

- Chairmen* : (1) MR. ROBERT WILSON.
(2) DR. WM. FERGUSON.
(3) MR. DUNCAN McLAREN.
- Conveners* : (1) REV. WM. D. MOFFAT.
(2) REV. HECTOR MACKINNON.
(3) MR. R. B. STEWART.

CHAPTER I

THE CHAIRMEN

DURING the twenty-three Annual Conventions held at Bridge-of-Allan and the recent two at Crieff, the Chair was occupied successively by—

- (1) Mr Robert Wilson.
- (2) Dr. Wm. Ferguson.
- (3) Mr. Duncan McLaren.
- (4) Mr. R. B. Stewart.

Mr. Robert Wilson

He was the first Chairman of the Convention, and he filled that position eight times, 1892–1899. He had been for many years a prominent worker in Christ's cause. He was born in Westmoreland.

The Chairmen

Business led him into Cumberland. His home for many years was at Broughton Grange, near Cockermouth. Any one looking at him as he rose from the Chair would have felt that he had not a Quaker father for nothing. He rose up six feet of highly-sanctified Patience. Yet under all, there was an indomitable will and the spirit of a soldier. His word was law. He was naturally fitted for Command. He never led but to the lands of Blessing. He was Uncommon Common-Sense itself.

He accompanied Canon Battersby to the Oxford Convention in 1874. He and the Canon were hand and glove. The Quaker and the Churchman! It was a fine tribute to both. They put their heads together and conceived the idea of a Keswick Convention. Canon Battersby arranged for the speakers, Mr. Wilson for the tent and site and the hundred other details. That legend, *ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS*, which surmounts the tent entrance and the platform, was Mr. Wilson's suggestion. It has been carried to our Scottish tent and platform where, if one may venture to say so, it is not quite so relevant. It bears, not directly on the special aim of the Convention, but on the merging of ecclesiastical divisions. In Scotland we should not dream of putting over a united meeting of the denominations "All one in Christ Jesus." That oneness is accepted and taken for granted. We, in Scotland, never exclude from Christ those who are in other folds than our own. A hundred years ago our religious battlefields may have had echoes of this exclusion, but in the toleration of to-day

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ecclesiastical frontiers mean less with us. The motto, if one might dare to suggest, which would befit the Scottish Convention, and declare its purpose, would be

CHRIST OUR SANCTIFICATION,
or else
Sanctification a Gift to Faith.

Mr. Wilson was built on the Super-Dreadnought plan. He was large in every way and equipped with immense power. A fixed purpose bends all circumstances to its own use, and he was nothing if not a great Fixed Purpose. There are men who are big in sections. He was big all over, mind and body. Those Atlantean shoulders of his could carry a whole world.

Those who knew him personally were immensely attracted. If people were to speak of him in terms of the Court his proper designation would be "His Excellent Saintliness Robert Wilson." There was something in him that was born in the depth and the distance. Under him as Chairman everything on the programme fitted in. Everything went, as people say, like one o'clock!

There was deep humour in him. It took quiet ways of getting out. A friend once told him of a holiday he had in a village in Switzerland. A doctor went there in the summer months only. Oh, then, chimed Mr. Wilson, the people in winter will die a *natural* death!

Mr. Wilson pitched his camp towards the sun-rising. He was a hemisphere distant from the

The Chairmen

pessimist who, of two evils, chooses both. He met evils with stern rejection : " People speak of death as going down, down, down. I rise daily higher, higher, higher."

When Mr. Wilson passed suddenly away at his lunch-table, a light kindled his way to Glory. It caused a deep shadow to fall on earth.

Mr. Albert A. Head of Wimbledon is the present successor in Mr. Wilson's chair at Keswick. He combines the devotional with the keen-minded man of affairs. When he looks at you, you know he is reading what is at the back of your brain. He has given himself unstintedly to the Convention service. He once came to Bridge-of-Allan and spoke. Every one hailed him as a Knight of Goodwill. I have heard from Mr. Head's lips the story of his spiritual transformations. It is worthy of a tablet for itself. And how beautiful is his wife's Keswick poetry with its rim of fire !

Dr. William Ferguson

Mr. William Ferguson, LL.D., laid the Convention under deep obligation. He was its Chancellor of Exchequer, undertook all responsibility for finance, and always kept the Convention on the Credit side. His face was unique. It was rugged and corrugated as if it had stepped out of a storm. Yet the smile that suffused it made surrounding faces more common. In talk he never bubbled over, spoke little but seasonably, and could go fathoms down in silence. He was a calm, self-contained Aberdonian, who never showed a trace of bafflement.

Scotland's Keswick

His father was Laird of Kinmundy in the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire. William was a younger son. He entered the University with a view to the ministry, but he afterwards thought he could better serve Christ in business. He went to Glasgow for training, then passed on to Liverpool and London and also saw business methods in America. In London he did useful work as an Elder and Sabbath School Teacher. His eldest brother was killed, and William became heir to the Kinmundy estates. On his father's death in 1862 he became Laird. Though the estate demanded much time, he was far too active to tie all his energies to it. He threw himself into the public affairs of the Parish and County. He was, besides, a Bank Director and Chairman of the Great North of Scotland Railway. But it was the welfare of the Church that was closest to his heart. He was brought up at the feet of a gladiatorial seceder, the Rev. George McCrie of Clola. That old gentleman, whose seals dangled from his fob, was a character. He used to say the crowning evidence that the Church was divine lay in her surviving the prodigious quantities of her poor and wretched preaching! He modestly included his own sermons in the indictment. He was keen for theological battle. Often he built a pile of arguments in the pulpit. Then he drew back for a spring, and in sheer pleasure knocked them all to smithereens! In that Clola Church in later days Dr. Ferguson was a study. He sat as if in deep meditation at the end of the Kinmundy pew. With his right elbow resting in the palm

The Chairmen

of the left hand he supported his weather-beaten cheek with two fingers. He retired into the softness and quietness of meditation. The doors of that sanctuary seemed closed against outward sight and sound. Yet not one word uttered by his minister escaped him. He had a minister whose chivalrous character and spiritual frankness commanded respect. As one walked home from Church with Dr. Ferguson he spoke with peculiar reverence of God's House and its holy air. There are many fine things that could be said of Dr. Ferguson. One of the finest was the beautiful visits he paid to one of the humblest tenants on his estate. In the afternoon of every Sunday he walked down to Old Babby Walker's thatched cottage. He chatted with her, told her of the services, and read and prayed. These holy afternoons left a fragrance in the cottage. Babby was ninety-seven when she passed away. She kept her roseleaf complexion, although for years blind and bedrid. Her attendant lived in a bothy near by. Every night she locked Babby up, and put the key in at the window. Her sleepless nights were never long. She would repeat aloud to herself the whole of the 119th Psalm. If sleep did not woo her then, she went through the whole of the 107 answers of the Shorter Catechism, either (as she once said to me), "with speirin' or no speirin' the questions." Babby was of no doubtful pedigree. She was a spiritual child of Samuel Rutherford's. She pitched beside him at Heaven's Gate. To hear her speak of Dr. Ferguson's prayers made one wish to share her pleasure. Sweet was her enjoyment.

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She never seemed to lag belated on life's lonely stage. Youth oozed through all her pores, and joy resurged in her every vein. She was a great chapter in Dr. Ferguson's life. Laird and Tenant, children of God !

On the retiral of Mr. Robert Wilson from the Chairmanship at Bridge-of-Allan, Dr. Ferguson modestly accepted it. He was an ideal Chairman. His mental map had all the lines and boundaries clearly defined. There were no uncharted rocks. Everything was obvious. If people came to the Convention in armed neutrality, as they did sometimes, Dr. Ferguson's influence made for disarmament.

He went up to Keswick for the first time in 1891. There he heard Prebendary Webb-Peploe tell the story of how he entered into a deeper, richer blessing, and it was the means of leading Dr. Ferguson into glades of heavenly peace.

Dr. Ferguson started a House for parties of United Free Church Ministers, Missionaries and Students at Keswick. He had Principal Rainy and Dr. Alexander Whyte in his first party. His University of Aberdeen gave him the honour of Doctor of Laws. He died in 1904, having crossed the boundary line of eighty years.

Mr. Duncan McLaren.

The third Chairman at Bridge-of-Allan was an Apostle of patience and punctuality, two virtues that do not always make a team ! A swift sketch of the old McLaren clan would reveal romances and

The Chairmen

tragedies of devotion and love, and splendid endurance. Under the altered spelling of McLaurin, preachers of fame and mathematicians of renown sprang from the clan. The McLarens had their home on the Braes of Balquidder, under which Rob Roy sleeps his long sleep. Some of them went to Western Argyll, where Mr. Duncan McLaren's father hailed from. He came to Edinburgh. He was only twenty when he appeared one evening at a Reform meeting and held up his hand. There burned in his soul a quenchless passion for Freedom.

His public spirit drew him into the Town Council, where he rose to be Lord Provost of the City. It also drew him into Parliament, where his activity and genius gained him the title of "The Member for Scotland." He left his mark on everything he touched. The cry of the poor for bread drew him. The Repeal of the Corn Laws became an all-powerful magnet. These were the days when John Bright and he became deeply attached. He married John Bright's sister. He also gave the names of his personal friends to new-made streets on his Edinburgh property—Cobden Crescent, Peel Terrace, Bright's Crescent, etc. To Mr. McLaren, senior, Scotland owes many a debt. The Forbes Mackenzie Act which closed all public houses on Sundays was known as his foster child. In educational affairs in Edinburgh he made wholesome and startling changes. In Church matters he blew like a gale for freedom and equality.

Mr. Duncan McLaren, Chairman of the Convention, has in Church matters taken his father's

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position. He retired from business years ago, in order to devote himself ungrudgingly to Christian work. It is in missionary service he has his deepest interest. He and his like-minded wife have circled the earth with their prayers and their financial aid. They have travelled far and wide, visiting missions and missionaries. He presided over ten Conventions—the last ten at Bridge-of-Allan. He was presented on retiring with an address of gratitude and deep appreciation from those who served along with him in Convention work.

Mr. R. B. Stewart

of Hillfoot House, near Bearsden, succeeded Mr. McLaren in the Chair. He has presided since the Convention removed to Crieff.

CHAPTER II

THE CONVENERS

MUCH of the success of the arrangements lies in the Convener's hands. He has to keep his eye on everything. He is practically managing Director. Scotland's Keswick was fortunate in its three Conveners—

Rev. W. D. Moffat for sixteen years.

Rev. Hector Mackinnon for five years.

Mr. R. B. Stewart for four years.

The Conveners

Rev. William D. Moffat

The first Convener of Scotland's Keswick was the Rev. W. D. Moffat. He was tireless in his devotion. The United Presbyterian Septuagint gave him a great impulse. He went to Keswick, where he got further help. He took for a fortnight a farmhouse a mile or two out from Keswick, and invited several United Presbyterian ministers to join him for the Convention. That arrangement obtained for a year or two. Professor Laidlaw had a very high idea of Mr. Moffat, and through him Moffat was invited as a speaker to the Keswick platform. When it was decided to hold a Scottish Keswick, Moffat was singled out as an admirable Convener. His labours were many. Concentration, method, perseverance, were gifts of his. He called them all to this work. He was loyal to the marrow of every bone. Some people who met Mr. Moffat did not take to him all at once. But he grew greatly on them. He was not readily understood, but he was extraordinarily well worth understanding. There was real Scotch brusquerie in him, but it was entirely superficial. Conveners usually incline suavely. He fell steeply to the plains! There were no surface softnesses in him. That probably served to give brilliance to his fine hardness and strength. He seemed made of steel—"as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve." His face was framed for weather. It had in it toughness and determination, just the man for a forlorn cause. Had the whole globe been belted with difficulties one would have said Mr.

Scotland's Keswick

Moffat was the man to meet them. A few facts about him may be welcome.

His father was a master-plumber in Glasgow. There young Moffat was born. There also he was converted under the ministry of Henry Calderwood, who afterwards filled with distinction the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. He had, as Sabbath School Teacher, a worthy of the name of Garvin. All through life he cast a spell on Moffat. What Mr. Garvin thought, and said, and did, commanded and decided Moffat. It was touching and it was beautiful.

Young Moffat entered on a business career in Glasgow. He afterwards removed to Manchester. He used to say with a twinkle that he might have risen to greatness as a merchant, were it not that the Gospel called him to greater things. During part of his student course he taught in a Glasgow school. The magisterial in him was not of Tom Thumb proportions !

His first Church was at Alva, which is in the shadow of the Ochils. There he laboured for five great years. His influence over young men was extraordinary. It rang loud through miles, all the way across to Edinburgh. When Dr. Thomas Finlayson's congregation proposed a flitting from Rose Street to a more fashionable quarter of Edinburgh, there were flutterings in many hearts. Rose Street had been precious. Its very dust was dear. One third of the people clung to the old Church walls. When they knew that a certain elder decided to stay, that bound them at once with clamps of steel.

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Two thirds hived off to Palmerston Place, and the Rose Street "third" called William Moffat. It was in 1875. The church when it was first built was the fashionable church for the douce Secession people of Edinburgh's North side. It was then in the midst of a residential quarter. When Moffat came to it the residences had gone. The church had a graceless outlook. Piles of wall that enclosed all kinds of trade hemmed it round.

Mr. Moffat was a first rate preacher—able, thoughtful, satisfying. Yet the success at Alva did not follow him to Edinburgh. He once preached at Aviemore, which was crowded with summer visitors. It was the Sabbath after some public attack had been made on Christianity. Moffat's sermon was a defence. It made a profound impression. Principal Whyte was one of the hearers. At the close of the service he bounded into the Vestry with "What is this, sir, that we have had to-day? It is nothing but the finest gold from the mines!" Soon after he was in Dr. Whyte's famous pulpit by invitation.

Rose Street Church had some firm friends. Mr. Moffat had one great friend in his Church. He was a schoolmaster, a Welshman by name and disposition, and just the Complement of his minister. This friend had been brought up at the feet of that spiritual genius, Dr. Moody Stuart. He chose Mr. Moffat as to his mind the most satisfying preacher in Edinburgh. At Moffat's hand this appreciative friend enjoyed many a feast on the finest of the wheat. Mr. Moffat and he often cycled

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on Mondays. Moffat, as he wheeled slowly along, would occasionally lapse into thought. "Yes, Lord, that's a fruitful line. Help me." Soliloquies of this holy sort fell on the air. Then he would wake to his cycling.

Mr. Moffat was a capital artist. The first time I entered his house it was a veritable picture gallery. It was a revelation. There are souls that travel incognito. The Northern manner covered a soul that delighted in beauty. He lived under emerald and daffodil skies, this Elijah-like saint!

Mr. Moffat had a great gift of ransacking the secret chambers of the soul. He carried a searching candle. Many men knew and felt this. God made him a great Convictor. Some most earnest workers in Christ's service were reared under his faithful ministry. I have heard one of these say that Mr. Moffat held the finest key to Scripture which was in the hand of any minister in Edinburgh.

Bridge-of-Allan owed much to him. He nursed it as if it were his child. He prayed over it incessantly. He gave his soul to it. He toiled over it. If this ascendancy of his could be expressed in horsepower it would figure high. It is said that some Conveners climb beyond the need of useful information! He did not. There was in him openness and appreciation and humility. But the qualities that shone, as men came to know him, were his courage, his justice, his final frankness. He was pure gold. I once saw a critic lunge at him with a stinging word. Mr. Moffat could easily have given him "What for," but he sat back and bit his lip as a

The Conveners

cloud flitted across his face. He made no reply, but was, in a moment after, perfectly sweet. What Moffat undertook to do was done. He was reliability itself. His Yea was as good as the Bank of England.

He was chosen in 1902 by the Keswick authorities, who sent him and Prebendary F. S. Webster and John Brash as missionaries to Canada. It was capital company and a great time. John Brash would adorn any society. At Scotland's Keswick he once told us the story of his ministry. The simple and the sweet air of sanctified childhood that was in him was as incense. He was a drapery salesman on the Saturday, became a preacher the following day, and held to the pulpit ever after. Good, gentle John Brash—our un-colleged Lancashire Elisha!

Mr. Moffat wrote a small volume on the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is excellent. He was Con-
vener for sixteen of our Annual Conventions. He died in 1912, having surpassed his three score and ten by a couple of years.

Rev. Hector Mackinnon

This brawny Highlander succeeded Mr. Moffat as Convener in 1908. He was a native of the island of Tiree, which was among the Ducal possessions of Argyll. His religious history is most interesting. In Perthshire over a century ago there were two brothers, Robert and James Haldane, who became naval officers. Under spiritual impulsion they left the Navy, and became Evangelists. Charles Simeon of Cambridge and Rowland Hill of London came

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North, and they and the Haldanes worked and preached together. The Haldanes were specially active on the West Coast, and organized there several Churches of the Baptist type. That was something startling for rural Presbyterian Scotland. It was a revolt against the prevailing deadness of the Scotch Church of their time. One of these Baptist Churches survived in Tiree, and to it the Mackinnons attached themselves. Hector Mackinnon's father was a small farmer. The Baptist Church was some distance from his home, so he often dropped into the Established Church which was much nearer. The boy Hector became accustomed in this way to breathe the air of that Church in which, later on, he had his Ordination. He was born in 1866, and was schooled at Tiree and Inverness. When seventeen he entered Edinburgh University as the holder of several bursaries. It was during one of his Divinity vacations that he underwent the supreme spiritual change. The Rev. Donald T. Mackay, a burning and flaming Evangelist, was Minister of the Free (now U.F.) Church in Tiree. He had a series of week-night meetings. The Mackinnons were there, night after night. One evening Mr. Mackay read the Parable of the Ten Virgins and took as his text, "And the door was shut." The awakening power of the Holy Spirit shook the hearers. Hector Mackinnon wept and sobbed. This strong, brave youth of whinstone nerves was plunged into anguish. So overwhelming was his distress that it moved to tears his father who was sitting beside him. There was an after-meeting

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that evening, and Mr. Mackay had personal dealing with the trembling inquirer. The distress only deepened, and he went home with all the terrors of Sinai thundering loud in his soul. It was a night never to be forgotten. Next day Hector Mackinnon passed into reconciliation and peace. Mackay, the minister, was strong on the importance of confessing and testifying. Hector at next evening's confessions was trembling all over. At great cost he struggled to his feet and told the congregation of the glory that now filled him. He testified at several meetings and people listened impressed. They knew his sincerity and loved him well. He ventured further. One day he ascended Mackay's pulpit, took a text and gave an address. Thus began his public career. For a while he attended Mackay's Church. Afterwards he went to Sutherlandshire as a student missionary.

Hector Mackinnon had a great friend, also a Baptist. They both loved the church of their boyhood. Into the strong tower of both hearts came a quite strange influence that drew them round, like the orientation of plants towards the sun. When both emerged from their chrysalis-state it was into the ministry of the Established Church! Their leaving the ancestral pitch struck Tiree with a plump resounding surprise. The Island was amazed. The lives that melted then re-formed into rosier shape, and these two young re-cast and re-moulded Churchmen pushed on, with souls in their eye. God owned them.

Hector Mackinnon was called to the Established

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Church in Tiree. There within sight of his early home rose his Church and big white Manse where he reigned for over two years. He was then called to Stornoway in the Lews, and went. He made a great impression. The people there generously styled him "The Spurgeon of the North." Not that he had the gloriously resonant voice of the great Metropolitan, or his bubbling humour, or his rare Saxon speech, or Spurgeon's magician's wand, but he had a glow in his preaching, and a holy passion, that lifted him high. There was in Stornoway a fellow minister, Donald J. Martin, a most unusual man, whose hunger for conversions deeply affected and put an edge on Mackinnon. I heard them both speak near the pier to a great crowd on a Sunday evening. Martin began in sentences that limped in staccato. He soon got into deeper waters and on the far outskirts every ear was tense under the fresh and rich and sweet outpouring of that man of God. Mackinnon had in his message a fire that clave the wood, and the open air congregation listened spellbound, with wonder and earnestness on every face.

His well knit frame, his eyes in which smiles danced, his brilliant teeth, his big tufted head, his overflowing cordiality, his boyish simplicity, his Tiree accent and his deep earnestness made a charming picture. There was a wholesomeness about him that was highly antiseptic.

Wherever he went hearts sprang open to him. He had a reticence in speaking of his experience, especially of his Keswick experience. But every one felt it was there. He spoke at Keswick, where

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he was welcomed. There was an outcrop of the Puritan visible through his large-minded address. You also felt about Hector Mackinnon that he never travelled beyond the beat of his experience. The Keswick Council sent him to Switzerland as a mission deputy. It was a time of happy memories.

From Stornoway he went to Campbelltown, Kintyre, where he had the time of his life. His widow has told in a memorial volume that story of eight bright years with all its Conjugation of "Amo." In 1905 he removed to Shettleston in the suburbs of Glasgow. He was then in his thirty-ninth year, bustling all over with life and energy. He looked as if there ran in his blood the warrior, the explorer, and the beckoning leader of saints. If Havelock in his march on Lucknow had known him he would surely have said, Hector Mackinnon, you be Chief of my Staff!

He was Convener of five Conventions at Bridge-of-Allan. In the pursuance of his ministry at Shettleston he was too willing to assume burdens, and his great strong frame broke under them. He died at the midsummer age of forty-six. The Coronach of the West Highlands sounded mournfully for many a day. The Church of Scotland felt a pang of bereavement, and all Scotland felt that the light was dim when he passed out. To him it was the breaking of the diamond-bright dawn.

Mr. R. B. Stewart

undertook the duties of Convener after Mr. Mackinnon's death. At first he accepted only as *interim*.

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Later, at the urgent desire of the Committee, he accepted the office. He combines now the offices of Chairman and Convener. Mr. Stewart is a Writer in Glasgow. So very greatly prized is Mr. Stewart's knowledge of Scripture that he has been asked to give lectures to students of the Bible Institute—an unusual honour for a business man. He has delivered more than one course of such lectures, and with deep appreciation.

CHAPTER III

THE TREASURERS

THE first Treasurer was Dr. Ferguson of Kinmundy. He was promoted to the Chair of the Convention. His successor at the Treasury was Mr. J. E. Dovey, C.A., Edinburgh. Mr. Dovey was succeeded by Mr. R. B. Stewart, Glasgow. These three Treasurers covered the period of Bridge-of-Allan. All able and devoted. Mr. Hugh Brown, Chartered Accountant, Glasgow, is the present Treasurer.

PART IV

THIS part of the Book contains sketches of those speakers who have passed to the Sanctuary above.

- (1) DR. ANDREW BONAR.
 - (2) DR. JOHN SMITH.
 - (3) PROFESSOR LAIDLAW.
 - (4) REV. GEO. H. C. MCGREGOR.
 - (5) REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.
 - (6) DR. A. T. PIERSON.
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CHAPTER I

DR. ANDREW A. BONAR

THIS wise and ballasted saint was cautious in his reception of the Keswick position. Prebendary Webb-Peploe told me of a kindly interview in which Dr. Bonar and he discussed the precise value of some Greek words on Sanctification. The Prebendary, who had an affectionate regard for Dr. Bonar, rehearsed his hesitation, and then his acceptance. It was of the implications of Keswick teaching Dr. Bonar was a little shy. He came quite

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round, as his early experience would lead one to expect. The Bonars had the blood of generations of saints in them. Their father was deeply devout. They sat in a Church which stood in the basin which the Waverley Railway Station now occupies. There, an earnest Welshman ministered, named Dr. Jones. He left a deep mark on all the Bonars. Dr. Jones would not sing so much as a paraphrase, and yet it was from him Horatius Bonar caught some inspirations that took rhythmic and exquisite form. These hymns are now sung in every Church. It was from the gallery of Dr. Jones's Church that Andrew Bonar looked down on Communion days where at white-covered tables the Communicants sat. He longed to be with them, but he felt far distant from the quality that fitted one to partake. He had not as yet come to know that the sense of need is a leading qualification. Beautiful to say, forgiveness of sin did not appeal to him more commandingly than did deliverance from sin's present power. He was born, we can see, on lines that ran straight into the heart of Keswick. A man of this calibre, heading for the doctrine, was bound to arrive. He was only eighteen when Edward Irving came on a visit to Edinburgh. Irving crowded the great West Church with eager audiences at half-past six every week-day morning. He made a profound impression, and the Bonars and McCheyne and other ardent young souls formed an Edinburgh School. They became deeply attached under Irving's illuminating influence to the Pre-millenarian view of our Lord's coming. They never left the ground they at

Deceased Speakers

that time took up. Dr. Thomas Chalmers came, about that time, as Professor of Divinity to Edinburgh University. When he heard of the simple literal way in which the words of Scripture were taken by this young school, he said, "I like these literalities." It has been averred that he came over to the Pre-millenarian view himself. One day bringing his hand down on the table with a bang, he said, "The Millennium will come in with a hammer-smash."

Andrew Bonar was a linguist. He took honourable place as a student, and preached in a style which a first class judge called "provokingly natural." He was ordained at Collace, near Perth, where he had a bed of roses and thorns. The Church sent him with McCheyne and others on a mission to the Holy Land. His Bible fell out of his hand into the depths of Jacob's well at Sychar. It was long afterwards recovered. He wrote a very worthy narrative of that mission to the Jews. Among the multitude of books on the Holy Land, Andrew Bonar's reads admirably. From it an air exhales of rare devoutness and full knowledge. His memoir of his bosom friend Robert Murray McCheyne was a boon to Christendom. McCheyne died when he was twenty-nine, and though seventy years and more have gone since, his memory has a rare fragrance still. That lovely life was most happy in the pen that recorded it. Andrew Bonar came to great veneration in the hearts of Scotsmen. He was our nineteenth-century Samuel Rutherford. He edited "*Rutherford's Letters*" and breathed the same spirit. He was the brightest and humblest

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of men. He was translated from Collace to Glasgow, where he shed a great and increasing influence. He thought and toiled for others—a very Lamp of souls. If ever there was a man who, as R. L. Stevenson puts it, paid board and lodgings to humanity, it was Andrew Bonar. No one who saw him pass along the street would suspect the depth of boyish fun that lay under the surface. By a merry word he often scattered the dark cloud that brooded incumbent. He could enjoy a pillow battle when the years were planting their snows on his head. It was as a man of prayer that Dr. Bonar towered. Year by year he made choice of Mull for holidaying, because in its silence he could have days and days climbing the world's Great Altar stairs. He was much alone with God. There lay the secret of his holy calm.

He and his dear friend Dr. James Hood Wilson, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, came as speakers to our first Convention at Bridge-of-Allan. Dr. Wilson was of untiring energy, breezy and with a great swing. His two keen eyes, which were of different colours, seemed to bore holes in one's face! He was a great Evangelist, a man of musical taste and profoundly interested in Foreign Missions. How often have I heard him read at his breakfast table tidings of joy from far scattered Missionaries! His correspondence with them was constant. His interest in the young was his pre-eminent gift. When religious parents, all over Scotland, sent their boys and girls to school in Edinburgh it was of Dr. Hood Wilson they thought as a family guardian. It will never be known on earth all he was to hundreds and hundreds of young

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people at their most impressionable years. His excavation work in the slums of Fountainbridge was imposing. Men who had not darkened a Church for years flocked in working garb. There were evenings when none but ragged folks gained admittance. Scores of well-to-do people borrowed old torn garments that they might, with that ticket, share in the glory of these gatherings.

These two lovers, for lovers they were, Bonar and Hood Wilson, adorned the first platform of Scotland's Keswick. Service for Christ was the burden of Dr. Hood Wilson's life. Christ Himself was Dr. Bonar's. What an acquisition they were to any cause that secured them! Is it too much to say, as was said of others, that when they entered the Golden Gates they were no small acquisition to Heaven itself! Dr. Bonar longingly and lovingly looked for the Coming of his Lord. But he went to his Lord instead. What a welcome on his arrival!

CHAPTER II

DR. JOHN SMITH

To meet John Smith was to be near a means of grace. I once saw him burst into a room with the effect of a fine explosion. Every one rose, slightly startled and greatly pleased. His eyes wandered

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to the ceiling as if he addressed the distances. When they came back they gleamed like great lights on your face. He was by character and talents a great asset to Scotland's Keswick. He threw his being and all his qualities into the Cause. Unfortunately he had not the gift of making himself easily understood. He could soon get out of soundings. I remember sitting beside an English minister at Keswick. John Smith was giving an address. At the close my neighbour said, "You Scotsmen may understand and like *that*. It's all mist and darkness to me." Dr. Smith occasionally tried to expound and defend the teaching of the Convention. He had the fire that attracts. He lacked the coolness and clearness that tell. His voice rose through too many octaves, and he had not the pilot's art of navigating his syllogisms to victorious conclusions. He gave the impression that he was wrestling with invisible giants. People stood and wondered how the giants fared! He once took the leading part against Principal Rainy in a heresy case in the General Assembly. Many trembled for him as he unlimbered his batteries. He was but a green youth beside Rainy, that great, composed and gentle master of debate. Yet there burned in John Smith a spirit that was sweetly aromatic. It came out like incense. His speech had all the involutions of the jungle. But his friendship was delightfully simple and deep and rare. I well remember the first time I saw him. He came from Berwick to address the students at New College. He had the look of the hills, quite unlike the city look he bore later.

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It was a missionary address. That was the region in which he reached splendour. He spoke with tremendous passion. Several passages were in thunder. His subject was the contact of Christianity with pagan faiths. What vistas opened in vivid lights to him! He could only flash a little of it to us. But he thrilled us again and again. The ideas seemed to burst by spontaneous combustion in his brain. He was startled himself by the great things that flamed within him. He grasped at them, but they eluded him. He had a forthwith way of speaking before things had crystallized in his mind. It might, in a way, be the prophet's method. He told what he saw whether he understood or not. But the audience felt that sometimes it was an unactable drama. Still men felt they were in the company of one who breathed rarefied air, who saw the land of far distances and whose soul was ravished with glimpses of the King in His Beauty. He was built in an unusually great way. When men looked around they saw no Heir Apparent to his flashing insights and transports.

John Smith was born at Forres in 1844. There his father was a ^{grocer} ~~merchant~~. He studied Arts at Aberdeen and Divinity at Edinburgh. During this Edinburgh curriculum he took charge of a Mission station at Frazerburgh. He won many hearts. It could not be otherwise. He began his regular ministry at Burghead at the age of twenty-nine. After two years he was called to his student-sphere at Frazerburgh. People gathered and rallied. He had three years of grace there. From Frazerburgh he was

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called to succeed Principal Cairns at Wallace Green, Berwick. It was a great step.

In 1885 Dr. Smith was elected and called to Broughton Place Church in Edinburgh as Colleague to that redoubtable commander of men, Dr. Andrew Thomson. Dr. Thomson with his strong and massive physique was like a great battleship, while his colleague rushed round him with the speed of a torpedo destroyer. When Dr. Thomson met you he bowed like a Grandee of Spain, but Dr. Smith rushed at once into your arms as your friend. He preached his last sermon in Principal Whyte's pulpit and passed away immediately after at the age of sixty-two.

In a Keswick address he once told of being suddenly called out to visit one who was ill. He was vexed at being called. But out he went. "I was going down one of the Edinburgh streets and all of a sudden the thought came to me, *Death will come like that. In the midst of your work the Master will come and you will have to rise and go out.*" And so it happened. The blood that is stirred by noble lives leaps to many degrees of heat at the sweet memory of John Smith, prophet and saint. Dr. Smith's book on *Fellowship* puts the Keswick teaching very ably.

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CHAPTER III

PROFESSOR JOHN LAIDLAW

THIS ripe scholar, who seldom, if ever, spoke astray, was a great asset to the Convention. He hailed from the pastoral region of Ettrick, which was hallowed by the preachings and prayers and tears of eminent Thomas Boston. Those hills and dales are carpeted with memories that appeal to devout Scotsmen. There John Laidlaw was born in 1832, and was nurtured on the strong spiritual meat of the Cameronians. He entered Edinburgh University when he was nineteen, and made a considerable impression. In his first year in Sir William Hamilton's class he carried the gold medal. That honour had always fallen to men who took a second year with Sir William. Young Laidlaw won four gold medals in his Arts course. So brilliant was he in the eye of the Senatus that they conferred on him the M.A. degree without examination. For a time he taught in the Edinburgh Institution School, but he was not gifted as a disciplinarian. He entered the New College in Principal Cunningham's influential reign. There he had as classfellows Marcus Dods and Oswald Dykes, and other notables. He left University and Divinity Hall well documented as a scholar and theologian. After assisting at Lady Glenorchy's in Edinburgh, he was ordained at Bannockburn in 1860, the year of the great Revival. Strange to say, the showers of blessing did not fall in such torrents there as in all the surrounding districts. After three years

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he went to Perth. There he shone with growing lustre through a ministry of nine years. The grey matter in his brain seemed still to be on the increase. He was called to be Colleague to the ever-memorable Dr. Robert S. Candlish of St. George's, Edinburgh. He declined that conspicuous honour. He then accepted the Free West Church in Aberdeen, where Dr. Dyce Davidson had trained his people to theological sermons that were carded through with silver and golden lights. That was an audience where, as the Russian saying is, You could hear a fly cough. The stillness was deep.

Dr. Laidlaw knew the weakness and mortality of small ideas. He soon passed out to deep water, and was at home among great things. Students in Arts and Theology who could appreciate high class sermons gathered to his feet. He was appointed Cunningham Lecturer, and chose as his theme the Bible Doctrine of Man. Every chapter of it was discussed with the keenest minds in Aberdeen ere it took final form. He was called in 1881 to succeed at New College that keen and mystic Theologian Dr. James Macgregor, who had emigrated to New Zealand. Laidlaw's method was new. He announced his thesis in a dozen lines of clear measured speech. He repeated it, so that every student had it written on his brain. Then in swift strokes he unfolded it. Idea after idea fell out with freshness and surprise. Still, it was not in the class-room but in the pulpit he held high supremacy. He was taken out of the pulpit because he shed such lustre on it! His hap was to hear that some of his students had been

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attracted to Keswick. He determined to see and hear for himself what they found there. It was a revelation. When I saw him there his humility and his appreciation were touching. He got up a camp for Edinburgh students, and went with them year after year. He said once with pathetic regret, "Oh, that I had known this twenty-five years earlier! It would have made my preaching different in character and fruit." He spoke of it as a gold seeker would of Eldorado. There came to him through it a large income of holy rest and heavenly fellowship. He became a speaker at Keswick and at Scotland's Convention. The intellectual respect he inspired drew young men to the Conventions. He retired from the Chair of Systematic Theology in 1904 and died in 1906. For a winter he lived near my manse, in full view of the Pentlands. How pleasant the evenings under his roof! What recollections of dead heroes rose from his brain. His brain seemed to be a veritable Valhalla! He read books at an eye-glance. To the last his eyes served him without glasses, and the smallest print was not unwelcome. His talk was easy and full. Now and again there projected a knuckle of rock, which one could round by a little gymnastic! In the class-room he urged his students to hard and incessant toil, but urged also the absolute necessity of the Pentecostal Enduement. Without that, the summer buds would all be frosted. That was his great note, the grand note of his teaching.

CHAPTER IV

REV. GEORGE H. C. MACGREGOR.

GEORGE MACGREGOR was a Celt. His father, the Rev. Malcolm Macgregor, was one of several brothers who were ministers. He ministered at Ferintosh in Ross-shire. There the Apostle of the Highlands Dr. John Macdonald, wielded for thirty-six years a power that was unparalleled in those regions. Malcolm Macgregor succeeded the Northern Apostle. There at Ferintosh George Macgregor was born in 1864. He was tall and slim and athletic. He had coal-black hair, and a pale, finely chiselled face. A soft radiance shone as from beneath its skin. Occasionally his face was an unconscious *Te Deum*. He had a great openness to conviction. He had also an extraordinary power of assimilation. Views that were presented to him became almost immediately part of his blood and nerve. He had the great French gift of making as clear as crystal everything he knew. When you spent a day with him it was as if you sailed over a sandy-bottomed bay. The white sands showed off everything in his mind. It was a peculiarly pleasing pleasure.

Some people described George Macgregor as a second McCheyne, others as a new edition of Henry Drummond. He had a bit of both in him. There are not many saints in the Scottish Calendar more lustrous than McCheyne. His garments smelled of Aloes and Cassia. He lived in the Ivory Palaces. The King's Glory shone round him whether he was

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in full dress or in mufti. Macgregor also had his own alabaster box. Henry Drummond in his College days was a flaming evangelist. So was Macgregor. Drummond departed from the *form*, at least, of his earlier work, and became a spiritual Artist. He adjusted his subjects to the most delicate poise. Every sentence was a polished gem. Macgregor didn't take that kind of pains. His subjects stepped out at first with a sort of any-how look. His language flowed with an easy unpreparedness and with great clearness. It never showed a trace, however, of that prismatic spray which adorned, as a nimbus, Henry Drummond's speech. They both carried an Aladdin's Lamp which they rubbed to the amazement of many. They had chambers of imagery deep within them. Indeed Macgregor kept one compartment of his mind for things of the Sir John Mandeville order. When he opened it you held your breath with a sense of romance. Drummond drew the students of Edinburgh University to his feet. Macgregor fascinated the young tradespeople of Aberdeen. They flocked to his church and luxuriated in his preaching. Every theme was made arrestingly clear, as if it were an etching. His silvery voice and Highland accent were added details. God gave him signal blessing in Aberdeen.

He showed considerable sympathy with lines of Biblical study that ran far into the regions of Higher Criticism. It was almost unavoidable, for there was a German epidemic among the young intellects of his circle! Macgregor, however, never lost his

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spiritual equilibrium. In his college days he addressed various meetings in his father's parish. He took a summer's mission in Nova Scotia. To hear Macgregor speak at the lunch table, of his life in Nova Scotia, made you hold your spoon at attention! In Glasgow he assisted that prince of mission workers, John Riddell. He also took mission work in Edinburgh under that great soul, Wilson of the Barclay. Principal Rainy once said of James Hood Wilson that he never saw him cross the street but he thought of a shepherd in quest of souls. These labours and these men kept Macgregor in a malleable condition. By the time he was called and ordained at Aberdeen in 1888 he was a fine instrument finely tempered. He had a presentiment of short service, and held his was a hazardous life, as Insurance folk put it. In 1889 he made his first pilgrimage to the Keswick Convention. I met him at Strathpeffer on his return. His straw-hatted figure is impictured to this day in my eye. He was in the fulness of his new joy, soft from the making. He had gone to Keswick in a critical mood. He left it disarmed. He was gripped, humbled, emptied and filled, and now he was as if heavenly wine were rushing in his veins. When next he went to Keswick, in July 1892, it was as a speaker. He had addressed a meeting at Croydon in 1891, and there his quality was discovered. He was greatly sought after. He spoke at Keswick, at eight Conventions in succession. He had not blossomed as a speaker until the first Bridge-of-Allan Convention was over, but he was at every subsequent one. How those pleasing memories of Keswick and

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Bridge-of-Allan bring back again the faded summer of yester-year !

Keswick sent him, along with Charles Inwood and Hubert Brooke, on an evangelistic tour in Canada. Inwood was a blade of fire that cut deep into the dark within people. Brooke was supreme at his great work of Bible readings. He knew the English Bible as only Plymouth Brethren know it. They were royal feasts that he spread, day after day, in the Keswick tent.

From Canada and the United States "Calls" came to George Macgregor. At last an urgent desire came from Notting Hill, London. He was called to succeed that great converted Jew, Adolph Saphir, whose family story was stranger than fiction. Not in all Christendom or Jewry was it easy to find a more spiritual teacher than Saphir. He handled the Scriptures with a very rare genius. Macgregor accepted the Call in 1894. How different was Notting Hill from the Ultra-Presbyterian air of Aberdeen ! While minister in Aberdeen he hoped, as one of his ambitions, to bring the General Assembly of his Church to its knees in Prayer. The Assembly meets for ten days of ecclesiastical business. He hoped that an entire day of that time should be spent in humble confession, thanksgiving, and intercession. It is not easy to disyoke a General Assembly's neck from the custom of generations. The Assembly has usually an hour, sometimes two, for Prayer and Conference. It has never attained to Macgregor's "one whole day." That ideal has lain dead in state ! And Macgregor's friends pass on in regret.

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Macgregor had a swift way of dispiriting a book into his inmost soul. He could suck it as some men do an orange, taking the juice and leaving the fibre. That greatly helped him in preaching. He was always abreast. He was constantly writing sermons. He once told me his supply was fifty sermons ahead of the demand. Macgregor passed away to Christ in 1900. He left a big deep blank. The hills of memory rise around him in their lights of pink and gold.

George Macgregor wrote a number of books. He has one called "A Holy Life and how to live it." The first thing, he affirms, it is to scrutinize one's thoughts, one's reading, habits of food and dress, family life, social customs, and business ways. He, secondly, makes admirable applications of various points in the miracle of the Leper, who said, "If Thou wilt Thou canst." In the third place, the blessing to be permanent, and not a switchback experience, requires an attitude of *constant* and believing dependence. Expect (he says) to be kept in the stream. It is not by anxious vigilance but by constant trust it is done. Banish for ever the words *Can God?* and adopt *God can*. Banish all thought of Christ's unwillingness to keep, and commit yourself to Him to be kept. What difference (he asks) between the two ways? It is the difference between driving a turning-lathe with our own hands and linking on that lathe to a powerful steam engine. When temptation comes there are two ways of meeting it, either brace your whole nature to resist it, or betake yourself instantly to fellowship with Christ. Instead of being occupied with the temptation, be occupied with Him. We then find we have a new Christ.

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CHAPTER V

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR

THIS China missionary of world-wide fame was one of our speakers. He was a Yorkshireman, and full of the grit of Yorkshire people. His great-grandfather was a stonemason. That worthy was converted an hour or two before his marriage. Although busy with preparations for that impending event, the text of a sermon of John Wesley's pierced through and pealed and boomed in his soul; "As for me and my house." Up to that hour he had loved the garish day. He was a great merry-maker, vivacious, and sportive. Now he grew earnest. Within an hour he crossed the Rubicon. There was no meandering. He was wedded—a new man, grave, earnest, and filled with wholly new hopes. His bride was bewildered by the utterness of the change. From his marriage hour he was uncompromisingly Christian. He earned twelve shillings a week, but of that one and sixpence went to the Lord's work. He had a son John who became a linen-weaver. He married a Scotch girl who imported into the Hudson Taylor line qualities that were high and sterling. Their son James became the father of Hudson Taylor. This James had ambition. He aimed at being a doctor, but landed a chemist. He had a passion for theology which came through his Scottish mother's blood. He was musical. He delighted in mathematics and in some branches of Nature study. He had many interests, but it was in theology he found

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the air that was like champagne. He married a minister's daughter of the name of Hudson. This minister was an incorrigible wit, and an artist. On one occasion the Conference of Ministers, to which he belonged, rebuked him publicly for his boisterous fun. He replied to the President's speech in terms which convulsed the assembly. They were wise enough to see that God had made him a sparkling humorist. He combined with it great devotion to the Evangel. James Taylor was a saintly soul, greatly given to prayer. He was a great disciplinarian. His bright and jovial wife gave the lighter touch to the home life. Their son was James Hudson Taylor, our Keswick speaker. Every man, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, is an omnibus in which all his ancestors ride. We can see some of the riders in Hudson Taylor! After various bits of training he settled down to assist his father in mixing and dispensing drugs. But from mortar and pestle God called him to a high apostleship. "Go to China" rang like a bell in his converted heart. He said, "Yes, I go." Thereupon began his difficulties. He had prayed he might be used of God in self-denying service, and his prayer was heard. He was engaged to be married, but the young lady refused to go to China. That was only one of the difficulties. He had to give her up with a pang.

The faith that carried this hero forward was a degree above the superlative. He was constantly up against big barriers, and constantly in prayer. The vintage of his prayers infused a rich bravery into his blood. China lay on his heart. It was the

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subject of all his thoughts, "Thoughts that do plot unlikely wonders." He was spared to see the China Inland Mission, which he founded, spread its evangelizing agencies over vast regions where Christ's Name had never been known. Over his big army of volunteer workers he was a great Generalissimo.

He used to say that a simple-minded missionary, who was swindled and bankrupted by people he trusted in China, was the real father of the China Inland Mission. That simple-minded missionary inspired and thrilled James Hudson Taylor. He also said that our great Scottish missionary, William C. Burns, was a very angel of Heaven to him. The first time I saw Hudson Taylor was at a meeting of young men in Edinburgh which he addressed. He turned out to be the reverse of all I expected. I had heard of his feats of faith, of what one might in a good sense call the wizardry of his faith. He looked, to my questioning eyes, as if he were built of collapsible material. So daring and brave a pioneer, I thought, was sure to be a naked spirit electrifying his audience, and commanding them in imperatorial fashion. I went, feeling a little like the man who brought a basket to carry away what would be left of himself ! I expected Hudson Taylor might be another James Chalmers of New Guinea, bristling like an arsenal. Instead, he was gentle as the gentlest woman, a veritable drawing-room ornament. But what mighty fires burned and blazed under that tranquil exterior, and behind that soft cuckoo voice !

He, like many ardent missionaries, was a very

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pronounced Pre-millenarian. The expected Coming of Christ wings the message of many an earnest worker on the far-off fields. When Mr. Hudson Taylor came to speak at our Scottish Keswick it was very particularly on the Second Coming of Christ. I remember he dwelt on Zechariah's vision of Olivet cleaving towards east and towards west, and the lake forming in the midst. He took it as in every tittle a literal account of what would happen at Olivet when Christ came. He did not dream of parable.

From an early period in his life Mr. Hudson Taylor was drawn to the study of Sanctification. He was at home in the atmosphere of Keswick. He was a walking Commentary on its doctrine.

So impelled by his love of China was this man of missionary ardour that he must journey thither in increasing infirmity. As the sands of time were sinking he saw it. To him it was a land of Grace. From it he passed to where Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land.

CHAPTER VI

DR. A. T. PIERSON

THIS widely known American was one of our speakers. He was long ago distinguished for his knowledge of missionary work. He edited missionary magazines, and gave missionary lectures. His Duff lectures on the New Acts of the Apostles roused many minds.

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His information was fresh, his glow a veritable fire, and his style catching. His brain seemed to be a set of pigeon-holes, alphabetically arranged. He laid his hand on facts and figures at once. He had a remarkable faculty of correlating all his facts and ideas, and building them into a whole. However broad-based the foundation, his addresses rose like a pyramid, massive and compact, and ended in one piercing point. His physical wiriness was as marked as his sanity.

He came first to Scotland in 1889 along with Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, who was beloved all through America. Later that year Pierson resigned his Church in Philadelphia. He resolved to carry the Missionary flame through Scotland and England. He crossed the Atlantic. He had three great receptions in Edinburgh, presided over by Principal Cairns, Principal Rainy and Dr. Norman Macleod. He went all over Scotland, piloted by the Clerical brother of John G. Paton, the famous New Hebrides Missionary. He moved deeply into the souls of great audiences. It was on his third visit he gave his famous lectures on the New Acts of the Apostles. They were very arousing. I remember him as he stepped on the platform with his black hair plastered flat on his head. His voice had tones like a bell. His eyes had the quality of needles. The lecture itself! *That* was what men waited for. It was a piling up of great facts from which he made deductions, with a logic that held us to his conclusions. Many a heart beat strong with gratitude that there stood before them a Commander who marshalled

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with fine *élan* the forces of Heaven and Earth to his salient. In regard to missions Dr. Pierson could be used as a Dictionary, and never fail. He was a tremendous worker. He was noted for doing what he always did—his utmost! A friend with whom Dr. Pierson lived told me that he toiled prodigiously over every address. He never served out the old again. He gathered fresh from the fields for every service he conducted. He wrote a small book which he called “The Story of Keswick.” In it Dr. Pierson remarks that Keswick Theology was more cordially received by Continental Theologians than by British. He says that when the Oxford movement under Dr. Pusey, and the Cambridge movement under Charles Simeon, and the Calvinistic movement of the Plymouth Brethren had spent their full force there arose the Keswick movement. It was no new denomination. No one changed church connection over it. He points out that it was a series of articles written in America, and published in a London Weekly, that first led to the Campaign in Britain. Meetings at the same time sprang up in America, and the Railways sold 40,000 tickets there for one Conference alone.

Dr. Pierson's standpoint stands out. He says there never ceases to be *conscious* sin in the Christian. *Known* and *discerned* evil is different. From this latter we can be delivered. Over it we can have victory. The greater the victory the more clearly is further evil discerned by us. Wherein then does this differ from the former experience? His reply is, It differs in this, that now we do not *expect* to sin. We

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make no provision for it. The acts of faith and the squaring of our will with what we know of God's Will make a *habit* of obedience, and a habit of *victory*. If one is devotedly loyal to his country he has ceased to be under the law of loyalty. The sense of law-compulsion is gone. He has risen above that law that holds him to loyalty. So towards God we are freed from the law that *forces* us to obey Him. We now *love* to do it. Our will is His Will. In regard to indulgences which may in themselves be lawful, he puts three tests. Are they *expedient*? Do they *edify* others? Do they *enslave* myself? Whenever a Christian is sensitive as to any form of indulgence, and shrinks from the candid application to it of Scripture, he may be sure danger lurks there.

So much for his book. He has written many books.

He did not tolerate any drifting languorously into a dreamy mysticism. He dealt with those things only where he saw clearly and could obtain foothold. Those themes that were half hidden by the bulge of the world he left alone. Yet he was no chimney-keeper. He travelled to far lands and rode straddle-legged many an odd pagan belief.

Dr. Pierson could ride hobbies and ventilate fads. He had one about food. Some things he would not touch. He was as discriminating as a Jew. Occasionally he drove his arguments into the mouths of his host and hostess who laughed at his American boyishness. The boy was at that time crowned with hair of snow! Hostesses got anxious over him. He partook so sparingly. They feared his bones would knock against each other

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within his skin ! These little things are interesting, only because they concern one who reached the top notch in the dispensation of missionary news. The glories of the Missionary Cause increased upon him, and as some heights are only seen in the sunset, so in his evening, as the lights reddened and filled the heavens, new heights rose with their tops of gold. He passed beyond the hills into the Welcome of the Over-There. Dr. Pierson held five Pastorates in America and for a time he was minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London.

PART V

House-Parties, Missionary and Evangelistic Meetings, Women's Meetings, Girls' Meetings.

CHAPTER I

CONVENTION HOUSE-PARTIES

It was in the year 1900 that House-Parties of Ministers were instituted at Bridge-of-Allan. An example had been shown by Mr. John Stevenson of Townhill, Dunfermline. He entertained every year at the Hydropathic, and at his own cost, a company of his own local ministers with a sprinkling of missionaries. Mr. Stevenson was an Established Church elder of wide sympathies. All churches trusted and loved him. He had Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, year by year in his Hydropathic party. Mr. Stevenson did much to bring the anti-Papal Jacob Primmer to a Church at Townhill. In St. Giles and in other spots Primmer rose to notoriety. He was the John Kensit of Scotland. Mr. Stevenson once walked out of Primmer's Church at Townhill, but still he kept the friendship. Once at Mr. Stevenson's table Jacob Primmer announced that he was going on a visit to Rome. "You should stay there," said Mr. Stevenson. "I don't know a man in all the world fitter for a Pope than you." Primmer

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enjoyed that immensely and rocked with laughter. When Mr. Stevenson suddenly died in 1898, it was a great blow to the Convention. He had acted as Assistant Treasurer, and he dispensed his generous hospitality annually to the ministers and missionaries of his party. His son, the Rev. Robert Stevenson of Gargunnock, who has given addresses at the Convention, took up his father's work, and has continued these parties ever since. They presented the same variegated hue as in his father's time. Mr. Stevenson is on the Convention Council.

His House-Parties were spoken of with admiration. Moved by his father's example, and his own, the Executive of the Convention decided to form House-Parties for the various Churches.

These parties of Ministers were markedly successful. On being invited as guests, some men came who would not have otherwise been there. Others, whose desires and tastes were in line with the Convention, found it easier, through this arrangement, to be present. The Committee, from the very first, decided that in each House a lady should do the honours of the table. Accordingly a minister and his wife were installed as Heads. Some men who had been too long shut up in the fastnesses of their study came into the genial air, and sat round what Thackeray called his mahogany tree. The talk was sparkling and informing and full of fun. It reminded one of our heroic Reformer, Andrew Melville. When he and his set met, at Assembly time, round their mahogany tree, Melville, in great form, interlaced their keen arguments with merry interludes. How wholesome is a

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sense of the ludicrous! Like the old librarian of Greenock who would not allow Dr. George Pentecost to sign the visitors' album, in case the next American might inscribe himself as John of Patmos! Those wise ministers of our parties barged their sadnesses out to sea, and made the table a social and intellectual oasis. At some Conventions suggestions are issued for standardizing the conversation. At our happy and instructive gatherings there was fine spiritual fellowship, spontaneity, naturalness, appreciation of the beautiful, and much flow of soul.

In regard to the special teaching of the Convention some members of the House-Parties were in full sympathy, some arrived in the nebulous stage, others came with half-formed suspicions, and a few carried with them a stock of prejudices. The suspicions, as a rule, underwent complete extinguishment, and lances of light dispersed the prejudices.

The discussions on the theology of the Convention became intensely interesting. As a school of the prophets the days spent together were almost as valuable as a session in Divinity. A speaker from the platform usually came up to breakfast, another to tea and a third to supper. These were visits of illumination. Questions were invited, asked and answered, and light was thrown on difficult points. These House-talks were far and away the most fruitful parts of the four-days' sojourn together. When the speakers, around whom we eagerly sat, opened out their own personal experiences they became Horizon-makers, and often we felt that they opened the Gates of Wonder in our skies. Occasionally we had a

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speaker who gave a formal address with text and divisions as if we were a tent meeting. These addresses usually miscarried, and somewhat wearied the party. But one could safely go bail that where the speaker began by unfolding his own soul and the steps in his spiritual progress, every ear would continue tense. The answering of questions, which were sometimes posers, captured every gipsy and wool-gathering fancy. Every one of us perched himself on the very edge of attention, especially with Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Elder Cumming.

Mr. Hopkins found his special vocation in these drawing-room sederunts. I have seen men come to the grapple with him in deep and earnest thinking. On such occasions he always rose to brilliance and triumph in his clear and Scriptural answers. I have seen objections—a whole Armada of them—driven to the rocks! Ministers were sometimes frank enough to say that they saw things in an entirely new light. Some of them dilated visibly under their new gladness. The last evening together was usually one in which personal experiences were disclosed. Some closely-folded lips began to open. Truths, which on earlier days of the Convention were thrown into the crucible of their minds, flowed out now like a stream of lava.

From those days on the Mount ministers returned to their flocks much refreshed. In many cases they gave an account from the pulpit of what they had heard and seen. Wide-scattered congregations in this way received a double impulse, through the heightened tone of the ministers' preaching, and by

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the direct story of the Convention and its object. Again and again have members of those parties said that they had found unexpected blessing, and that their prejudices had gone to the winds. The idea of having Ministers' houses was a happy inspiration, and they have amply justified themselves. For fifteen years they were carried on at Bridge-of-Allan. Since the Convention has removed its habitation to Crieff the Ministers' parties meet at the Common Table of the Hydro. That has widened the area of acquaintance, but it has quite destroyed the intense and prayerful fellowship of the Upper room. If some plan could be devised that combined both, it would be the veriest gain.

In 1900, the first year in which House-Parties were sanctioned by the Committee, three Houses were formed.

The Rev. William Hutchison of Coatbridge and his wife were entrusted with the Established Church House. They were to invite what ministers they thought best, and to act as host and hostess to the party. Mr. Hutchison was looked up to with great respect. He was known as an ardent soul-winner in his Church. When Mr. Hutchison died, the Rev. Gordon Watt of Forres and his wife succeeded as host and hostess in 1905.

Mr. Watt appealed to the Executive to extend the privilege of hospitality to the wives of the ministers who were invited. It was agreed to. It was well taken advantage of in the Established Church party, and it worked well. Mr. and Mrs. Watt found,

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after some years, that it was impossible for them to continue the duties of host and hostess, and they retired at the close of the Convention of 1911. Mr. Watt has given addresses at the Convention. The Rev. James E. Houston of Shawlands and his wife then undertook the duties, and they are still in this service. Mr. Houston has frequently spoken from the platform of the Convention. He has done good service, and still does, on the Council.

There was also a House-Party of United Presbyterian Ministers. That House was discontinued after its first year, for the reason that the United Presbyterian Church was united to the larger Free Church in October, 1900. There was no longer a United Presbyterian Church. It was from 1900 a part of the United Free Church.

For that one and only year in which there was a United Presbyterian House-Party the Rev. John Young of Greenock and his wife were in charge as host and hostess. Mr. Young, who is a valuable member of the Convention Council, has spoken most helpfully at Convention gatherings.

The third House, the party of the then Free Church Ministers, was entrusted to the present writer and his wife, as host and hostess. We have been continuously in charge, from 1900 until now.

Some years after the institution of the above House-Parties, a House for ministers of the smaller denominations was appointed. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dovey of Edinburgh were the Heads. They had it for two seasons. It was difficult and indeed impossible to get a sufficient number to accept of the

Missionary Meetings

invitation, and the House for smaller denominations was abandoned.

Houses for Missionaries were authorized, and they have been an unqualified success. Some years there were two houses, some years three. These were under the charge of Mr. Geo. Graham Brown and his wife. They have been helped by friends who shared with them in the superintending.

There was also a House for Bible women and for workers which Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Stewart took charge of. All these House-Parties have been fruitful of good.

CHAPTER II

MISSIONARY MEETINGS

It was one of the "treats" of Bridge-of-Allan to find it had a Missionary Sederunt. It brought to us Argosies of foreign products, and it allowed us to hear the Captains tell their bright and heartening stories. It might interest our readers to hear how these meetings arose.

Dr. Eugene Stock

flew on to the platform, like an Angel with a Scroll. On the Scroll was inscribed, in flaming letters, "Conventions and Missions." On opening it one read strangely: Were not Conferences on the spiritual

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life intended to be parlour-talks to brace and tone up invalid souls ? Not at all, said the Scroll. Your toning-up is that your wings may grow. They are there in embryo, but undeveloped. Wings are for carrying you away from yourself to those who sit in darkness, to tell them of Christ. Your Conventions are Heaven's gifts to the Heathen. Many other unsettling things did Dr. Stock's Scroll say. At Keswick he first opened it, and men said it would be like burning daylight to vary the programme. The Chairman, Mr. Bowker, waved it aside, but Eugene Stock was worthy of his name. Missions were admitted. The air that insinuates itself through closed doors, with the privilege of a chartered libertine, came in at chinks in the tent, and people enjoyed the freshness of it. Missions have now grown inside the very heart of Keswick. One has only to see the Saturday Congregation. It is the Going-up-to-Jerusalem. The shadow of the Temple is on it. The crowd is an overcrowd. Faces are turned into weather-glasses at *Set Fair*, and purses open to their inmost pockets. The addresses, short and charged, have gone home to many a soul. It is the Convention's Coronation. And Eugene Stock founded it. This grand old hero who remembered Queen Victoria being carried from Windsor to Osborne for safety from wild Chartists, who saw Wellington lie dead in State, and remembered Palmerston haranguing the House of Commons through the hours of a whole night, this man whose life was a kind of kaleidoscope with every varying scene, bent his entire strength to the message of the Scroll.

Evangelistic and Women's Meetings

He came to Bridge-of-Allan and held aloft the flaming letters there also. The increase of life that comes from receiving the "holy frame" manifests itself in many ways, but very specially in an access of desire to spread abroad the Gospel of our Redeemer. When Dr. Stock left, he handed the Scroll to Mr. George Graham Brown, who carries it to this day.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

These were held late in the evenings in the Open, in the middle of Bridge-of-Allan and Crieff. They were intended to reach tradesmen and workers and others who were uninclined, or busy and unable to get to any of the Tent meetings. Various excellent Evangelists were enlisted for this work, such as Mr. Andrew Stewart of Edinburgh and Rev. James Smith of Coalsnaughton, and others. Mr. Stewart was a business man. He belonged to a family of Evangelists who were able, cultured, and full of holy zeal. They gave themselves and their means most generously to this work all over the country.

WOMEN'S MEETINGS

The success of Women's meetings at Keswick led to a similar experiment at Bridge-of-Allan. It was thought that women had a key to women's minds which men had not. The speakers at these meetings were all women-speakers. Miss Nugent, Mrs. Penn

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Lewis, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Baxter, all from England, and Mrs. Duncan McLaren from Edinburgh, had happy times with these audiences.

GIRLS' MEETINGS

These fruitful gatherings were begun by private venture. Miss Elder Cumming and Mrs. Kennedy (wife of the Professor of Hebrew in Edinburgh University) got three girls to accompany them to the Bridge-of-Allan Convention. Out of that arose the plan of a Girls' House-Party. The thing worked. Three houses were taken and filled. The Heads of Houses and the girls shared the entire cost of board. One year there were four houses, all in full swing.

Miss Adair Ferguson, whose father took a leading part in the Convention, was officially recognized as Convention Worker among the girls. She asked the Committee to sanction the assistance of Miss Elder Cumming. This was granted. The Committee secured the place of meetings and the speakers, and gave the workers a free hand. The House-Parties were of prime importance. They were managed by the ladies already named, with Miss Eva Wallace, Miss Clare Douglas and Miss Mitchell, now Mrs. Sutherland, wife of the Missionary at Kalimpong, in India. The houses were called "Retreats." Over 150 girls of impressionable age saw and heard wonders there. Some did not reach the appropriate mood; others were driven to rebellion by the sharp claim of Consecration. After hours and even days of hostile feeling, many came to the surrender. There were

Girls' Meetings

romantic elements, as there often are, in spiritual episodes. One young lady was presented at Court. From that brilliant event she posted straight to the Convention and received in the Girls' House a deep blessing. She gave herself afterwards to the mission field abroad. One very charming girl was known as the Decoy Duck. She easily picked up contingents. She had the magnetic that drew girls to her. They were fascinated and came, amused and wondering. When they got there they found the air athrill with intense earnestness. A few of the girls were black afraid. The fear that rose in some of their young hearts was that Surrender to Christ meant the total loss of their own personality. Perhaps that was a natural fear. Some longed for a Leader who would master them. There were others who had stiff inward battles. What holy conflicts! On their knees, and in deep and prolonged conversations, victories were won. There were cases where messages were sent long afterwards from dying beds, telling of blessing received in these House-Parties. That much-talked-of mission spot, Kikuyu, has among its earnest workers two who were fruits of these Girls' House-Parties. From first to last the meetings which were held for girls were admirably addressed by Mrs. Tottenham, Miss Gollock, Mrs. Stuart Holden, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael, and Mrs. Albert Head, who at various times helped the Helpers, and gave heartening messages.

PART VI

Convention Speakers who still survive :—

- (1) Rev. EVAN HOPKINS.
- (2) Dr. ELDER CUMMING.
- (3) Dr. ANDREW MURRAY.
- (4) Rev. THEODORE MONOD.
- (5) Dr. F. B. MEYER.
- (6) Rev. E. W. MOORE.
- (7) Rev. C. G. MOORE.
- (8) Dr. A. SMELLIE.
- (9) Rev. GEORGE C. GRUBB.

No. 1.

REV. EVAN H. HOPKINS

Mr. Hopkins is the acknowledged leader of the Keswick Teaching. He is a clergyman of the Church of England. He is of keen mind, of great ability, and is held in the most cordial and high esteem. Strength and clearness are the qualities of his speech. His own experiences have been of the deep-ploughing and straight-furrow sort. Of his conversion and of his Fuller Blessing it is well to hear his own very words :—

“ I can remember the very day I was brought to Christ, by means of a coastguardsman, and can

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never forget it. But it was some years afterwards that I saw the glorious possibilities that belong to a converted person, touching the walk and life. I know the very day when I stepped into the fulness of blessing. The crisis was as marked as the first crisis of my conversion."

That second crisis took place in May, 1873, in Curzon Chapel in Mayfair. Sixteen persons only were present, among them Sir Arthur Blackwood and Henry Varley, and Rev. E. W. Moore.

The words that ushered in that great change for Mr. Hopkins were: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 8).

Mr. Hopkins tells how when he went home in the radiance of this great discovery his wife divined a deep change. They sat down together and he opened up his heart and told of his new-found joy. "Oh," she said, "that makes me feel a thousand miles away from you." They sat far into the hours beyond midnight, and then this new truth flashed in on her and brought with it a new day. Mrs. Hopkins has rendered much service to the Cause.

Of Mr. Hopkins himself it is not possible to tell how extensively he has been used of God. It was an address of his at Oxford in 1874 that brought into harbour Canon Battersby, the founder of Keswick Convention. It was an address of his that completed the re-casting in Bishop Moule at Park Hall in 1884. Many others who have themselves become teachers and leaders in this truth owed their souls

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to Mr. Hopkins. His ministry at Richmond on the Thames was blessed richly to hundreds upon hundreds. His Church was the birthplace of many men and women who have rendered great service to Christ's Kingdom. He is a Theologian who treads with sure step. He has a fine insight into the Psychology of Believing Souls. He is an expert in unravelling difficulties. He has said that people who approach Keswick teaching pass usually through three stages. They are *puzzled, provoked, persuaded*. Mr. Hopkins is especially helpful to those who are puzzled. With a Master's touch he fits the key to the cypher and revels as a disentangler. It is a feast to see him surrounded by keen minds who put honest posers to him. At times one feels certain that he is cornered. Like an unexpected fjord there suddenly opens an inlet on the rock-bound coast. It is a study to watch faces when this surprise falls on them. I heard an able Scotch minister, who was charmed with Mr. Hopkins' answers, say that it would be one of the greatest of treats to see two such minds as Mr. Hopkins' and Principal Denney's in grips over a theological problem! It would be diamond cut d amond. This Grand Old Campaigner has led for over forty years with undimmed eye and unabated strength. He knows there are thousands of truly converted men who are not at home in life. They are in the desert. The desert has no real or fixed rest. Its impermanence is haunting and unsettling. Its life is a life of struggle. From a Struggling Faith Mr. Hopkins has led many to a Resting Faith.

The supreme point in Mr. Hopkins' teaching is

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that Christ is our Sanctification. Holiness is not wrought in us. It is wrought in Christ and imparted to us. It is not something which Christ helps us to attain. It is first realized in Christ, and then given by the Holy Spirit to us. Faith alone makes us receptive. Mr. Hopkins says that it is possible to have Christ in us, present to our thought, and yet not present to our faith, just as He was present in Capernaum, yet unable to do mighty works there because Faith was lacking. It is only to Faith He reveals Himself in Power. There are three leading points, he says, to be distinguished and kept clearly in view (1) that Christ is our Holiness; (2) that the Holy Spirit is the Communicator of Christ's Holiness; (3) that the Holiness imparted to us is received by Faith alone.

One of the most perplexing questions to some enquirers is, What is the meaning of putting on the armour? Christians are urged in the sixth of Ephesians to be strong in the Lord and to put on the whole armour of God, that they may *stand* in the day of evil.

The armour for the fight is one of the themes that brings out Mr. Hopkins' doctrinal position. *Put on* the armour. A wrestler puts *off*. This then cannot refer to wrestling, but to soldiering. *Put on* the whole armour; but there is a preliminary to that. First "Be strong in the Lord," and then "put on." That means, Take *the victorious position* to start with. Christ has already secured the victory for us, and before we begin the battle let us take that position. Christ is the Conqueror. We but enter on *His*

victories. Putting on "the whole armour" is just putting on Christ, so that the Christian becomes a Christ-enclosed man. That is how we are safe—"kept" in Him.

Why do we put on the armour? To obtain victory? Not at all. That is already obtained. It is to *withstand* the enemy. By way of illustration, Here is a city besieged. After desperate efforts to capture it the foe retires baffled. The city has not conquered the foe. It has merely *withstood* him. That is what we as Christians have to do. We do not fight *for* victory. Let us remember that. We fight *from* victory, not towards it. It is Faith that grasps the situation and takes at once the victorious position. It is through God's Word Faith operates. If we do not exercise Faith the Word will wound us. Many are hurt by the Word. Why? Because they catch the sword by the blade, not by the handle. It is Christ that is the victory. To act on *that* is catching the sword by the handle. His is the ability. Ours is merely the capacity. Into our capacity He pours His ability and His victory. *Then* are we able to stand against the wiles of the enemy.

One of Mr. Hopkins' favourite expressions is, It is not by *suppression* of evil that we are sanctified, and not by *eradication* of evil. But it is by a heavenly *counteraction*. The Lord comes in as Victor and counteracts the forces of evil. It is Faith that opens the door for Christ. It is Faith that receives Him. How blessed if, instead of an *Asking* time, we would shut ourselves in with God, and have a good *Believing* time. A Believing Time! It sounds strange. It

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is one of Mr. Hopkins' memorable and radiant phrases. It is this Believing Time that brings all the wonderful Counteractives of Christ into play, and imparts the victory over indwelling evil.

No. 2

DR. ELDER CUMMING

Dr. Elder Cumming was converted by a sermon of his own! It is seldom one comes on such converts. But there were other things also about Dr. Cumming which were out of the rut. He was a Student in Divinity when he was converted. Part of a Student's work was to write out a popular sermon. This young student of twenty-one was writing his. He had come to the application and was enforcing the message of his text, when, like a bolt from the blue, the question struck sharp on his heart, Have *you* done what you are asking others to do? A peal of conviction ran through him. He laid down his pen, knelt by his desk, and there and then gave himself to Christ.

He was a Greenock boy, born there in 1830. He was the son of a Ship Captain who had sailed the seven seas, and who now surveyed the whole Clyde as Lloyd's Agent. This worthy Sailor, in whose intellectual make-up there was vivid sparkle, was popular along the west coast. His graphic tongue, primed with satire and wit, caused every ear to be alert. To his clerical son a boat had the feeling of home, the spirit of the sea was in his veins, and he could enjoy a capful of wind. At Keswick he went out

on the lake, and old though he was, his eyes gleamed as the waters lapped the sides of his boat. Dr. Elder Cumming was schooled in the Isle of Man. The surroundings were not gritty enough for the Sea Captain's taste, so he transferred his boy to Glasgow. The teacher there indented his mark deep in his pupil. In Glasgow University he became the fellow student of "A. K. H. B." the Country Parson, Dr. Donald Macleod, lately dead, Principal Marshall Lang, and other notables. He was then in those far-off days a keen controversialist. He took a bulldog grip, and debated and argued with pertinacity. Athletics he scorned. He was in his second year of Theology when his popular sermon came out of his brain and sprang like a tiger at his heart. He began preaching at Ardentinn, on Loch Long. The Parish Minister of Dunoon had seven preaching stations under his care, which earned for him the title, The Angel of the Seven Churches. Ardentinn was one. The Laird took a paternal interest in the stripling preacher, and introduced him to all the visitors at the Manor. The Laird's wife played the thoughtful mother. She criticized lovingly and faithfully his verdant sermons. He had six months of happiness and steady progress in that quiet spot. After licence he was called to the East Church in Perth, the most important at that time in the Fair City. He was only twenty-three when he found himself surrounded by rows of eager and able brains. He was six years there. He then removed to Newington Parish in Edinburgh, where he gave twelve years of his life. In 1871 he removed to Glasgow (Sandyford Church), where the

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greater and most important part of his ministry was spent. It was there the greatest shadow fell on him. His wife, a bright, energetic, witty woman, died after two or three hours' illness. Dr. Elder Cumming was now in the depth that is at the bottom of the deep. He went to various Conventions in search of consolation. He was at Mildmay when he met a lady who made the remark that Keswick was far the best of all Conventions. He made up his mind to try it. He went in 1882, engaged quiet rooms, and took a back seat at the meetings. He was accosted twice on the street by ladies who expressed themselves amazed at finding him in Keswick. They could scarcely trust their eyes, and both asked, Is it possible? Is this really Dr. Elder Cumming? He muttered to himself, A queer spot this! As was to be expected of so keen-minded and controversial a Theologian, he dissented from various things he heard, and contemptuously said there was little Theology between their A and Z. In what school, he asked, did the speakers learn the little they had? It was poorly clad. But while Keswick Theology might be out at the elbows it carried a white flame in its tongue, and Dr. Elder Cumming soon discovered this. He found the flame scorching his soul here and there, and revealing flaws and faults and sins in unsuspected corners. He had a period of most bristling rebellion. Then came confession and surrender. He embraced the Truth "Christ our Sanctification" and "Christ our Daily and Hourly Victory." He at once played the man. He went the whole length. He burned his ships. He said to Mr. Bowker, the Keswick

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Chairman, that he was ready to organize meetings in Glasgow for the dissemination of this to him freshly discovered truth. The financing of the venture was his only fear. Mr. Bowker made little of that difficulty. He believed the money would come in a stream. That was practical Trust in God which profoundly impressed Dr. Elder Cumming. A few weeks afterwards, meetings in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, were commenced under the Chairmanship of Mr. William Sloan, and with speakers drawn by Dr. Cumming. By the casual remark of the unknown lady at Mildmay, this powerful helper of the movement was first led to Keswick. What a growth there came from that mustard seed ! Dr. Elder Cumming became a speaker at Keswick in 1883, and he spoke from its platform for twenty-four years in succession—up to 1906. He was sixty years of age when he began to write books ! He wrote many. His book *Through the Eternal Spirit* is a profound study of Scripture references to the Holy Ghost. It is a volume for students and written in fine, sharp words of unturnable edge. His early poetic gift also blossomed again in his riper years. He retired from active work in 1903, the Jubilee year of his ministry. It was a pleasure to listen to him when he was by young ministers surrounded and bombarded with Keswick questions. In his answers he brought all his many faculties to the focus. If there were opponents it was amusing and surprising how neatly he bagged them ! I have seen a roomful of ministers listening to his clear statements. His mind seemed to run on oiled bearings, smooth, convincing, victorious.

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Dr. Elder Cumming was a grand old tree with strong twisted roots. In the crotch of every root there grew some fragrant flower of grace. He has now been sixty-three years a Minister.

No. 3

DR. ANDREW MURRAY

This Scottish South-African was one of the most interesting personalities that ever appeared on the platform of Scotland's Keswick. He spoke there in 1895. His presence made it a memorable Convention. In appearance he resembled two great Victorians, Swinburne slightly, and Tennyson somewhat markedly. In speech he had the thrill that called every hearer to rigid attention. He was brimming with that great quality which marks off the inspired from the merely intelligent. His father, who was also Dr. Andrew Murray, was an Aberdonian. The Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa raised a sharp cry for Ministers to come to them with the Gospel. The cry hit the father of our subject, and he nobly responded. He packed up, left Aberdeen, and made for Holland to acquire the equipment of the Dutch tongue. At Utrecht he received his theological training in this foreign language. He emigrated to South Africa in 1821, and had for his diocese a huge and difficult country. His labours and his zeal were apostolic. The rehearsal of them fills one with wonder. What would not St. Paul have given for a colleague of his calibre? Men felt that this was no ordinary man. His consuming

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earnestness was felt in the Transvaal like a wind hallooing down a gully. He married a Dutch lady, and four of their sons became ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. Three daughters also went to Manses in the same Church. Andrew and an older brother, who afterwards became Professor at Stellenbosch, were sent home to Aberdeen for their schooling. They lived with their uncle, the Rev. Dr John Murray of the North Free Church. They took their Arts course at Marischal College, and their Divinity in Holland. In Holland they became licentiates of their father's adopted Church. Young Andrew Murray was related to the famous Professor Robertson Smith, and to the popular writer Ralph Connor of Winnipeg. Andrew Murray addressed men as if he had just stepped out of the Old Testament with the prophet's mantle on his shoulder. People said he had the air and accent of Isaiah. Certain it is, that when he spoke the battlements of the New Jerusalem emerged from the clouds and sparkled in our eyes. It was not what he brought out of a text that struck his hearers, but what he seemed to see in it. He was a spiritual crystal-gazer. The deep and strange things which he saw, and we didn't, created a peculiar atmosphere. What spiritual power there was in this surrendered soul!

As a young preacher he was earnest but unsatisfied. Mrs. Gatty's *Parables of Nature* led him into the land of New Hope. Then there reached him tidings of the great revival of 1859-60 in this country. He was roused to prayer for a baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was then he preached in Dutch those

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beautiful addresses which have been translated into English under the title of *Abide in Christ*. He had struck on gold-bearing reefs, and his hearers were enriched. When British Christians read his book there was a request for more, and several volumes steeped in Heaven's own light have come from him like the wine of an ancient vintage. The one great note of his Bridge-of-Allan addresses was Surrender to Christ. That was the door through which all the deepest and sweetest blessings came. To ministers he said, that the first business of a minister was to humbly beg of God that everything he wants done in his hearers should first be fully and truly done in himself. Through Surrender alone did that come. The cancellation of Self-rights brought Christ to the Throne in ministers and hearers. He has celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. He has written, they say, over one hundred books. And he is still producing. He is like the Vine of Hampton Court. Among his books is a condensed edition of Marshall on *Sanctification*.

No. 4

M. THEODORE MONOD

M. Monod was a French Pastor in Paris. He spoke at several gatherings in Scotland and also at our Scottish Keswick. In his Celtic blood there ran brilliance and power. People said What a Channel of the Spiritual! The French gift of crystal clearness and picturesqueness lent a charm to his other gifts of distinction.

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It was at the Broadlands Convention of 1874 that he entered on the second epoch-making blessing of his life. It was there, immediately after this transforming experience, that he composed that heart-unveiling hymn, "All of self, and none of Thee." It has been styled the *Marseillaise* of the Keswick movement. Writing of Broadlands he said, "The difference between those meetings and many others that I have attended is the difference between a flower and the name of a flower. My French companions have all derived much benefit from Broadlands. I cannot be grateful enough to God for having led me to a Faith that is soul-satisfying and God-glorifying. I got more than I expected. We always have from God everything we expect and ask, provided it be good for us."

M. Monod had the art of enshrining his doctrine in simple and memorable illustration. How, he was asked, could a man be in Christ and at the same time have Christ in him? It was a puzzle difficult to understand. M. Monod's reply was, Do you see this sponge? Let me put it into water. You see now two things. The sponge is in the water and the water is in the sponge. So are we in Christ, and Christ is in us. Did you observe "the bubble, bubble," on the surface? That is the air escaping from the sponge as the water found its way in. That is exactly what happens when Christ gets into us. The former occupant bubbles out.

Speaking of his early Conversion he said, I came to Christ without one bit of feeling. I didn't feel that I believed, I had no feeling of faith, no feeling of love,

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no feeling of joy. I simply took Christ at His Word, a simple bit of business which I transacted with Him. The feeling all came afterwards.

One of his great addresses was on the Burning Bush. Moses was keenly curious. He must get at the bottom of what he now saw. With this in view he drew near. God's voice knocked his curiosity to dust. Moses did not any longer have a vain wish to explore. God's voice will also allay all the questionings and desires of our heart. It is God we need. As the fire was in the Bush, so God comes into us. God is the Fire. What is the fuel that keeps that Fire burning? God is Fire and Fuel both. That is the centre of Holiness Teaching. Our poor efforts cannot feed this inward flame. What if Moses brought a few miserable sticks to keep the Fire burning in the Bush! That is what we do in Sanctification with our ineffectual struggles. God is the Flame, and God alone can feed it. God is our Sanctification, and God alone is the fuel of the Sanctification Fire.

Once a lady came to Theodore Monod. "Oh, Monsieur Monod, I have now discovered that Christ is as near me as any circumstance can ever be." "Madam," replied M. Monod, "He is *much* nearer. Circumstance means what stands round about you. But Christ is within you."

Was it not Theodore Monod who first put into form a saying that has often been quoted, and has cheered many since he gave it fashion: "Our *dis*-appointments are *His*-appointments."

The mystic in him often peeped out in his thinking.

Our "I" must, he said, become "Thou." It was like the Persian legend of the two lovers. The swain took a journey to call for his young lady. On arriving he knocked at the door. The lady cried "Who's there?" "It is I." "There's no room here for two," and the door remained closed. Crest-fallen and sad he returned home. After long thinking he journeyed again and knocked at the door. "Who's there?" cried the same voice. "It is Thou." The door was at once unhasped and opened. Perfect love fuses two souls into one. Theodore Monod thought of higher things than human love. It is only when Self ceases that Christ appears, None of self and all of Thee. That was the very heart of Sanctification by Faith. "When the new life comes to us with all its fresh glory the Old man (said Monod) becomes then the Man of old!"

Speaking of sin's place in the victorious life, his words became a formula which has been often used by others. "We *ought not* to sin, we *need not* sin, but as a matter of fact we *do* sin."

He found spiritual symbols and pictures everywhere. To him "earth was cramm'd with Heaven." The Eiffel Tower he made the basis of a beautiful address to the young. M. Eiffel supplied M. Monod with various items of deep interest about that famous steel erection which is as high as the Great Pyramid, and the Pantheon and Notre Dame standing, all three, one on top of the other. A vast part of the monument is invisible. It is foundational and goes down to the rock. The most important part of all great things, he said, was least apparent. The

Tower was built first of all in M. Eiffel's brain. Built, pulled down, built again, modified, improved, completed, how many times ! It was built of steel, but quite as truly it was built of intellect. It is a monument of thought, energy, high character. From these and other points he drew lessons which were applied crisply and forcefully. He had a Frenchman's pride in the Tower which he did not hide. Yet he closed with " Gigantic Tower ! Thou now seemest small to me. That hast majesty and glory, yet it is not thine image we put on the graves of our beloved. It is the Cross. The ages will see thee disappear, but the Cross endures and looks down on thee from infinite heights,."

He delighted to dwell on God's Power—all things possible with God—and said, ' My father used to tell of a certain theologian whom he had for his teacher, in the olden time, at Geneva. This good man divided the miracles into two classes—the *easy* miracles and the *difficult* miracles ! But what difference is it with God ? It is all the same for Him to save with many or with few."

With searching flame his words went deep into Christian souls. " Christians," he would say, " you are Unleavened in Christ and yet there remains much leaven still in you. It's a paradox, but true. The Israelites had to purge their houses of all leaven. They searched for it with lighted candles. They scraped walls and floors to get it out. When they did all, they then said, ' If any still remains I curse it.' Christians ! there is in you leaven to purge. Go through the rooms of your life and search it out,

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etc., etc." Christian hearts trembled under the powerful light which he turned on their imperfections and sins. That was the work of preparation for the Indwelling Presence.

No. 5

DR. F. B. MEYER

Scotland has often heard Dr. Meyer's voice, and always with pleasure. He was at the first Convention at Bridge-of-Allan, and has been back. He was one of the first to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey when he was a minister at York. He was for years at Leicester, where he was known as the Great Friend of jail-birds. He gave distinction to the pulpits of Regent's Park and Christ Church in London, and has preached in more countries than most people's geography holds! He carries an artist within him, and ordinary journalists could make a score of "English Illustrateds" out of his addresses. Plashing waters resound through almost every speech. His fine face is just the face for cameos. When he begins to speak of himself he is frank as the day, and yet never steps beyond the strictest line. He has in his veins the Saint, the Etcher and the Education Covenanter! He has carried the fiery cross through England on some public questions, and yet has sniffed up the most spiritual fragrances in passing. He has been a Supplement to the most radical of journals, and yet in the most conservative eyes his touch has never left a stain. He has given some

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addresses at Keswick which were very searching, and others very composing.

Dr. Meyer tells of an experience he had at Keswick. There was a large meeting for praise and prayer at the close of the day. It was held in the great tent. He knelt in a retired corner of the platform. There was the manifest Presence in the tent, and there was great joy. He seemed to himself to be outside the radiance. He could stand it no longer. So he lifted the tent canvas and slipped out disconsolate into the darkness. He took to the hills. He was worn out, and too wearied to feel deeply. He asked God to make it quite possible for him to share in the great blessing without any exuberance of feeling, of which he was then utterly incapable. Then came to him a sweet low voice, "Claim it and receive it. By simply taking it, it becomes yours. Not one vestige of feeling is required. A simple taking of it is all. Christ holds the Pentecostal gift for you. Just take it. According to your faith shall it be." There and then he claimed, and he received, a fulness of the Spirit as much as he, at that moment, could hold. It was the hour of midnight and he retraced his steps. He met an eager group of rejoicers. They were relating to each other their happy experiences. Dr. Meyer joined them. They spoke with emotion. They dwelt upon the tide of ecstatic feeling which accompanied their blessing. Dr. Meyer had no tide. He thanked God that he had no tide. His possession did not depend in any way on his feeling. It depended simply on his faith. He said in his own dainty style that he could now have the blessing

whether his heart were melodious with summer song or held in the icy grip of winter.

Dr. Meyer has been the chief apostle of this *claiming* of the blessing. That is a word on which he has lovingly and frequently dwelt. His own experience of it has "broadened down from precedent to precedent." Many hearts have blessed him for the urgency and emphasis with which he has preached it.

But Dr. Meyer also delights in dwelling upon how Christ receives from us. As we take from Him, so He also takes from us. He takes what we give. We do not require either heave or flush of feeling, but in simple faith just to make our offering. And He takes whatever we offer. If we cannot give all, we may ask Jesus to *take* all. It helps some souls, says Dr. Meyer, when it is thus put. The snare with many is emotion. They think the stupendous transactions of the soul must all have that atmosphere. It is a terrible mistake. We must pillow our heads on Christ's simple word, not on our feelings.

Dr. Meyer is great on Divine Guidance as a result of Consecration. I heard him tell that he was transacting business one evening with the officers of his church. At such gatherings he always took the chair. He was so filled with the conviction of God's Presence that he could not now think of taking the chair. It was left for the Master Himself. So they sat with Dr. Meyer in the ranks, and transacted as in the very hearing of the Invisible President. Hearts that wait much on God are made quick and sensitive to every slight touch of His Hand. They receive guidance clear and unmistakable, in circumstances

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difficult and baffling. The trouble is that people won't wait on God.

Dr. Meyer does not shrink from quaintness in illustration. He was speaking once on the lusting of the flesh against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh. It was at a time when Influenza was raging, and the air was charged with Eucalyptus. He said the lusting and counter-lusting of his text was like the lusting of Influenza against Eucalyptus and Eucalyptus against Influenza !

Dr. Meyer addresses Keswick audiences on such practical topics as Sanctification and Domestic arrangements. Few people have the exquisite touch he has. He can handle delicate themes delicately. When one hears him on the sexes the air seems to thicken with confetti. He is immensely human, immensely brotherly. He could say almost anything. The air throbs with spiritual franknesses when he lays his finger on heart-chorde. His own confessions, made in that warm brotherly atmosphere, are touching. They are the distillates of a heart that has touched the heart of Christ.

No. 6

REV. E. W. MOORE

The Vicar of Wimbledon was one of the Sixteen who met in London in May, 1873, when great blessing fell. He is of large and generous sympathies. Sometimes his breadth and toleration have brought him under suspicion. Mr. Moore so countenanced the

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Salvation Army in its days of contempt that even his former friends, it is said, blew an icy wind on him. The Army had carried John Wesley's teaching on Holiness to an easy yet perilous extreme, and Mr. Moore's sympathy for their earnestness as gossellers involved him in their inadequacy of Truth. But he has a splendid memory for forgetting!

Keswick for him is an *Isaiah's Vision*. The burning sense of sin, and the more burning holiness that cleansed it, contains the whole of Keswick. Springing from Keswick's message, as from Isaiah's live coal, comes the missionary spirit—"Here am I, send me." That also is Mr. Moore's conception of Sanctification-by-Faith. Keswick makes missionaries. If it fails to make them the live coal has not yet touched Keswick. So says Mr. Moore.

Speaking on Paul's prayer for his Ephesian Christians that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith, Mr. Moore said, Christ's presence there is not the presence in believers in virtue of their Conversion. Christ was in them already. The Ephesians were deep in divine knowledge, but Paul prayed they might go deeper still, that Christ might *dwell* in them. The word bears the thought of an advent. In Christ there are endless new beginnings. The Christian needs this Ephesian new beginning for Constancy, for Cleansing, and for Catholicity. "Catholicity! Ah! We need to worship (as was said of one well known to us) at the Church of 'All Saints.' We are apt to think other Churches than our own are the four-footed beasts and creeping things that were in Peter's Vision-sheet." I remember a story, said

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Mr. Moore, of a girl who, in an essay on Early Britain, wrote: There used to roam wild animals in Britain, but they are now "kept in Theological Gardens!"

One Sunday evening Mr. Moore showed his breadth by taking a share of the service in my own Presbyterian Church.

Referring to the Fire that tests, which is a favourite thought of Mr. Moore's, he said, In a building there must be a plan. Bricks and mortar do not make a house. One must follow the Architect's plan. It is passing strange that many of God's people understand His plan of Peace, but not His plan of Holiness. Character is a building. You say, "I always believed it was a building and therefore slow. Rome was not built in a day." Exactly. "What then is this, that we hear, about immediateness in Sanctification? Christ shall suddenly come to His Temple. At Pentecost He came in a sudden shower of Sanctification, a sudden fire which purified the dross. What is the object of Keswick? There have been many answers. I have no hesitation in giving mine. It is to convince believers of their need of heart cleansing. I have felt this for many years. I have known it at these Keswick meetings. Any blessing that has come into my own life has come that way, not by powerful addresses but by God's searchlight on my heart. It is in the hours of searchlight Christ is born in us. He had His Bethlehem-birth as a babe, His Resurrection-birth when He rose in newness of life, His Revelation-birth He has in His Church. It came in the hour of Pentecostal

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fire. It comes like that to us still. Fire! Fire! God a consuming Fire. The Holy Ghost is Fire." That is Mr. E. W. Moore's message.

No. 7

REV. CHARLES G. MOORE

Mr. C. G. Moore was, during Mr. Moffat's convener-ship, the speaker who was oftenest at Bridge-of-Allan. He and Moffat were great friends. He was the son of a Congregational minister who was on intimate terms with Chas. Finney, the famed American Evangelist. In Edinburgh University young Moore signalized himself and was a gold medallist. He was settled near Cambridge. He went out afterwards to China as a missionary, and was invalided home. He became the Acting Editor of *The Life of Faith*, and his articles "Out of His Treasure" were baskets of delightfully fresh fruit. He had terrific convictions when young. Later on he was just the man to frame a Catechism of Spiritual Comforts. Had a contour line of his experience been drawn it would have shown great heights and deep depressions. As a young man he called on Mr. Pearsall Smith to hear news of Finney, his father's friend. Pearsall Smith gave him a book which worked a tremendous revolution in Moore. He often said afterwards that the book in itself was not so great, but he was just at the point where its message rang through all the chambers of his being. No book in all his after life burned through him like it. Moore went straight away to the Oxford Convention of 1874 and got gracious

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help. He became a favourite with ministers. He was able and keen and tolerant, just the man to stroll with his own thoughts and with ours. Often I have heard him at house-parties of ministers. He was the most prized of visitors. There was a lovingness of personality in him, and a splendid gift of consolation. He was Barnabas come back to lonely and aching melancholians.

When he was at his best he drew every ear. Men sat still. Even those who were restless settled down to feed upon his sweet and gracious words. The lodestar of his existence was The God of Hope. With many men the comforting of others is a novelette kind of venture. With Charles Moore his words of healing swelled to precious volumes. There are some events that are remembered in every nerve. C. G. Moore's nerves were of that sort. Lights kindled along on them, and sadness devoured them.

Mr. Moore's teaching of Sanctification comes out in his handling of the Seventh of Romans. That chapter has presented a difficulty to many minds. This is Mr. Moore's way: The soul in its build is composed of two parts, "My mind" and "My members," or the "I" and "the other law." The "I" is central, intelligent, voluntary. "The members" part is automatic. The two parts are under two different laws. My mind serves God. Another and antagonistic law rules my members. Mr. Moore had heard of a musician whose reason and will were broken and dark, but whose fingers played excellent music on the piano. The central "I" alone was impaired. Another law ruled and guided his members.

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He knew of a lady who was the slave of drugs. She became a physical wreck, quite devil-ridden. The central "I" in her longed passionately to burst the fetters. She had tried Suggestion, and Will-power, etc., to no effect. The central "I" still clung to deliverance. She read God's Book and felt the secret lay there. She was not afraid to die. She did not now shrink from God's Holy presence, for she was profoundly penitent, though still quite unable to break the drug-habit. The central "I" in her was quite loyal to God. The two parts of every man's soul, the voluntary and the mechanical, the mind and the members, are captured by sin. Christ comes to set us free. He begins by breaking the foe and casting him out from the central, from the voluntary, intelligent "I." Still there remains, in the moral and mental mechanism, that automatic part, a fierce ruling power of sin. What does Christ do to cast it out? First He convinces us of our own utter inability to break it. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" We try painfully, we struggle, we think that the will-power of the central loyal "I" will suffice. We wrestle and fail and cry loud in utter helplessness. That is the crisis for which Christ waits. When we realize our absolute inability He puts the automatic part, the mechanism of the members, under a new law—the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. It makes us free. Paul knew it by experience. When his mind said "I will," the members said "You shall not." When the mind said "I will not," the members said "You shall." Christ came to stop that. He

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makes the mechanism yield to the mind. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory." The proof of victory is not that we are perfect, but that there is a new response where there was nothing but opposition.

No. 8

DR. ALEXANDER SMELLIE

Dr. Smellie has been regarded in Scotland with affection. His character, his scholarship, his pronounced evangelicalism, together with a distinction of style, have long given him a high place. He went to Keswick, as a listener, some years ago, and received a reconstructing blessing. Since then he has been a speaker every year at the Scottish Keswick, and few men appeal more than he to intelligent and cultured minds. Since that visit to Keswick all his former qualities have shone with a finer brilliance.

Dr. Smellie's father was a minister, in Edinburgh, of the Original Secession Church. He himself began his ministry at Stranraer. He was honoured by being offered the Editorship of the *Sunday School Chronicle*. He accepted it and drew a wonderful number of gifted writers about him. The pulpit, however, had too great a spell, and he left the editor's desk, although he was an ornament to it. He accepted a call to Thurso. From there he went to Carluke. There among the fruit growers of Lanarkshire he has exerted a great influence. His father's

old Church called him to Edinburgh, but he stood by Carluke.

His books have been welcomed by all who appreciate spiritual truths cast in beautiful mould. He has written on the Covenanters and on McCheyne, and has several devotional books. Every page is bediamonded with the dews of the dawn.

Dr. Smellie is the leading exponent of Keswick teaching among the Scotsmen of the day. The following is a brief summary of his book on Sanctification. Holiness, he says, is not difficult and remote. It is not the moth's desire for the star. Nor is it easy if people neglect God's appointed way. It is for every believer. A growing sense of inherent unworthiness accompanies it. We have many tendencies to sin, and more than tendencies. But the *unbroken habit of looking away to Jesus* delivers us from every defeat. He who has once been bathed in the laver of pardon may wash again and again his weary and begrimed feet. Every Athenian wished his house, however humble, to resemble the glorious Parthenon on the Acropolis, and so are we to resemble Christ.

First, in the fellowship of the Cross. Our new life starts from death. Our Sanctification springs from a recognition of our union with Christ in His Death. Calvary was also the prelude and preparation for Pentecost.

Secondly, the Spirit who came at Pentecost sanctifies us. He is the Artificer of our holiness. The Holy Spirit had His share in God's three great imperatives, Let there be Light, Love, Life. Augus-

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tine found the Trinity in Christ's Baptism, and this Jordan Theophany is discoverable in every conversion. Oh, the wonder and awfulness of a Sanctification that engages Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! The Spirit by His advent and inhabitation makes our shadows flee in glad confident morning. He unfolds to us the Scripture, making what was debatable certain, and revealing God's own autograph. He further brings the soul itself into tune with the Book. Our spiritual tastes have become atrophied. He nourishes them back. God's words become warm and breathing, and by them the Spirit sanctifies us. He also creates a climate of Love. He shows what Christ has done for us. We are engirdled by hostile forces. He points us to this Loving Christ above, and to the Christ Within, this "boundless and running over Christ Jesus," whose love is shoreless and changeless and endless. The Spirit also begets full Life. The Christian before his Pentecost is to the Christian after his Pentecost as sunlight to moonlight, as the child to the man. Each man remains intensely himself, yet is drawn magnetically to others and is made kin. This Pentecostal quality is manifested in market, home and battlefield, where it plucks heart's-ease and not rue. Though perfect it is being perfected. With every advance there is an advance of capacity. But the blessing is never self-contained. It overflows. Others share in it.

Thirdly, Faith, as a means, sanctifies. That is the burden of Walter Marshall's book, which Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine and redoubtable Adam Gib

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recommended to Scottish saints. As Thomas Goodwin helped Marshall, so Marshall has helped many. He was placed under the "Bartholomew Bushel," and there wrote his golden volume. Faith is a passion, not an action. It is not a warrior. It is a mendicant and simply puts out an empty hand. It takes its victories from Christ. Faith is the soul's outgate. It is a clear, colourless window which looks out on Christ's Surpassing Face. The life of faith is spiral. It is an upward progress round Christ its centre. Step by step it winds round Christ, whom saints resemble "so luminously." But Christ is ever taller than the tallest. Faith is difficult because it slays the "I" in men. Faith is also easy, and it is the shortest cut. It is a duty, the grandest duty in the New Testament.

Fourthly, Prayer also brings it. Christ's prayers, offered and sincerely spoken by us, work the miracle of our Sanctification.

Very sketchy is this outline, and quite fails to convey the beauty of the book.

No. 9

REV. GEORGE C. GRUBB

This is the first missionary that Keswick sent abroad, and no one was better fitted. He is an Irishman with phosphorescence about him. He was born in the Tipperary of military song, and became a minister of the Irish Episcopal Church. As a young fellow he was sent to Switzerland to qualify in modern

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languages and in music. He often takes his audience into his confidence. "I went to learn the piano in Switzerland, but when there Jesus made a musical-box of my heart. My heart often sings, and the melodies are sweeter than ever broke from any instrument made by man."

At our Scottish Convention he broke out surprisingly one day. "Satan's salutation when you wake is, *Bad morning to you!* and all the grumblings and bitter thoughts of the day come as the result. But when you open your eyes and hear God's *Good morning to you*, what blessings it brings!" Many of Mr. Grubb's words stick like a burr. No one on the English Keswick platform, or on the Scottish, makes time pass more swiftly than he. His blood is richly composed. His heart is bathed in a sea of light, and the radiance leaks out into word and deed. He has travelled widely with the Gospel.

Mr. Grubb did great work in Australia in 1892, and twenty-one years later he had a cablegram "Come and have Conventions on the same old lines, with full liberty." That gave him scope. He agreed to go. He looked up to Christ, and said, "Now, Lord, Thou knowest all the costs. Give just what I need, with never a balance over." Men came to him from great distances in Australia to renew the former ties. One man of eighty touchingly addressed him as "My father." He told how he was converted at sixty, and began straightway to work and sing for Christ. This patriarch related that once on board a passenger ship he pulled out his little hymn-book and said, "I am one of those Grubbites." "And

so am I," said another and another. The number soon reached "twenty Grubbites" on that deck! Mr. Grubb rehearsed all this on the platform amid outbursting merriment. As he rises up, more than common tall, his eye gleams like the evening star. If there are speakers to whom some men sell their attention dearly, Mr. Grubb is not of their feather. He emerges as from fields Elysian, with face alight and arms outstretched, and with sympathy in every tone of his voice. If there is any speaker in whom most of the hearers would wish to take stock-shares it is Mr. Grubb. His speech is simple, frank and boyish, absolutely devoid of provisos and perhappes. He is always in the swim of youth. In Russia he has travelled much, carrying Heaven's Good News. His pictures of these visits are by no means in monochrome. Once he travelled through a snowstorm to a service. He had to preach in a windblown shed, and was soon after prostrated with pneumonia. The good Russian with whom he lodged had not one grain of humour in his composition. "Are you going to die, Mr. Grubb? If you are, the cemetery is quite near!" If Mr. Grubb had had the strength to roar he would have gone off in a volley of laughter. "My landlord," said Mr. Grubb with a twinkle, "had no poetry!" Mr. Grubb's humour would have chimed with David Livingstone's. When a grave pious lady asked the great missionary what his thoughts were as the lion fell on him, he said, with a laugh, "I wondered what part of me he was going to eat first!" Mr. Grubb introduces his audiences to many foreigners, some of them the elect of the

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earth. Katty, a humble Russian woman was one. Katty asked God to make her "An Early Church Christian." She admired and coveted the faith and daring of those first-century men. One day a voice called in her soul, "Katty, go to Finland." "O Lord, how can I go to Finland?" "Just go." "Where in Finland, Lord?" A village rose to memory. "Go to that village." She scraped together her scanty cash and packed off. On her arrival she saw a grand carriage and pair at the station. "Oh, my dear Lord, is this carriage and pair for me?" The voice said "It is." She went up to the handsomely arrayed coachman and said, "Do you know Christ Jesus?" "Oh ho!" said the coachman, "is that the sort you are? We have a man of your tribe on our estate." "Well, I have come to visit him. So take me along." "I came to meet my master, the Baron," replied the coachman. "He has not arrived, and there is no other train to-day. I must return home. Step up on to the box." Katty stepped up, and got along in dashing style. She poured ten miles of Heavenly tidings into the coachman's ear. "I have never seen the horses go with speed like this before," said the driver. "Ah! well do the horses know," said Katty, "that they have a King's daughter on the box." Katty's visit was a godsend to the "one of your tribe." He had been in sore depression, and she was sent as an angel to lift him. She stayed for some time, gathered several audiences, and won many trophies for Christ. She often spoke of "her hours at Calvary."

When Mr. Grubb unfolds his portfolio he has many

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stories of "What God hath wrought." His touch is plenarily human, and his men and women are decked in the real liveries of life. He has a talent for gracious off-take, quite a different berry from the usual sarcastic. "I know some Christians who are afflicted with dangerously weak action of the heart! It makes them afraid of any effort. They would never dream of breaking through the ranks of the Philistines to fetch a drink of water from the Well of Bethlehem. Christ is athirst. He longs for a drink. Oh, that thirst! It is a thirst for souls. The Philistines stand ranked in barrier. But those Christians of weak heart-action fold their hands and nurse their hearts into greater weakness. An effort to break through the barriers would startle them into health. An electric battery is what friends should bequeath to them."

It is by his own wholesome and radiant personality that Mr. Grubb specially commends the Keswick teaching. He embodies it. Wherever he goes he dispreads Christian rays of light and healing. His humour is a real fountain of grace. If sadness and bitterness should ever pull the corners of any man's lips down to twenty past eight!—the angle to which some one says they can furthest fall—that man should lodge and board with George Grubb. The depressed lip-corners would rise to their horizontal once again. Sadnesses would stampede out of the house.

Living on beautiful terms with Christ is the burden of Mr. Grubb's message. And is that not the substance of Keswick teaching?

Other Speakers

OTHER SPEAKERS

Quite a number of others have, during the twenty-five years, taken part as Convention speakers. Some of them are widely known, others not quite so widely. Much could be said of them, but space is restraining.

Dr. Henry Montgomery, a great toiler among the slum derelicts of Belfast, caught every ear. His procession of Belfast dram-drinkers on Saturday nights, and his midnight service for them are blood-warming sights. His addresses at the Convention revealed the Heavenly mind. He touches men magnetically. His speech is rich and racy and graphic. He sums people in a phrase. The ordinary evangelist, to give a sample, he hit off as the man of the soft hat with a ditch in it ! His countrymen might do worse than gather and bottle his wit. It would be sure to smell good even through the cork ! I have seen some of his work in Shanklin Road, Belfast, and felt its thrill. There he gave addresses that sometimes closed like the sun going down in a pageant. He is tireless in labour, and is one of those who will die with their boots on !

The Rev. John Riddell of Glasgow is a veteran in the Cause. He spoke at the last Convention, and serves on the Council.

The Rev. Harry Moir, minister successively at Strichen, Braemar, Montrose and Edinburgh, has given addresses at several Conventions.

The Rev. David M. McIntyre, Glasgow, has spoken frequently. He and Dr. Smellie are the only Scottish ministers on the English Keswick platform at present, and Mr. Walter B. Sloan the only Scottish layman.

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The Rev. Charles Inwood is an Irishman and held the pastorate of a Wesleyan Church in Belfast. In that Church many were blessed. It was there that men like the late John Martin Cleaver of the Egypt General Mission consecrated themselves to Christ. Cleaver was so filled that he prayed several others into missionary fervour.

Mr. Inwood had once a vision. He was in a train. The carriage was filled with glory, and he heard, as Isaiah heard, a voice from the heart of the radiance. It was an announcement that he was to carry the Gospel to far-off parts of the earth. For years after he was still anchored to Belfast. There was no sign of the vision coming true. At last it came. Out they went, his wife and he. The Belfast pastorate was given up, and the wide, wide world opened its doors. His faith was soon cast into raging flames. His wife was taken ill on board ship, and she touched the cold hands of Death. Was it not all now a dream? No. He stepped into the shoes of Manoah's wife, and said, If the Lord had meant to stop us He would not have brought us so far. The patient rose from the embraces of Death, and the vision was realized. He has been through most severe testings, and his voice that once rang out vigorously was, for a year or two, unable to make itself heard. He carries in him a constant fire. His message is that our dross can be burned out. But it is by one and only one process, by the Holy Spirit passing through us. He gave many addresses with that burden. He was the Prophet Ezekiel of our movement.

Other Speakers

Dr. A. C. Dixon is an American. His face strangely resembles Mark Twain's, only it carries a different radiance. He is a pillar for height. On his first visit to London he was introduced to Mr. Spurgeon. The great Englishman looked up at Dixon with a merry gleam, and said, "They carry things to great lengths, sir, in your country!"

Dr. Dixon hails from North Carolina, where his father was a minister for sixty-nine years. His father (worthy man) inherited several slaves. He did not know how, in all the world, to dispose of them. The close of the Civil War settled his difficulty. The old gentleman's library was extraordinarily select. It consisted of four books. The Bible stood first. Next to it was a Concordance. Third in order came the *Pilgrim's Progress*. A volume of Spurgeon's Sermons completed the stock. It was the last of the four that pealed through young Dixon's soul. It roused him to the ministry. When young Dixon was a theological student he took charge of a country Church. When there he was exercised as to his being "called" to the ministry. He sought light from Heaven. He prayed God to give him one hundred baptisms in that Church if it was the Divine Will that he should be a minister. The answer came in a hundred baptisms, not one more, not one less. He became, by and by, pastor in a University town, which of all towns is most critical. He was surprised at the cordial relations soon established. His next move was to Moody's Church in Chicago. When he left it for London that congregation in Chicago presented him with

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a Banner on which the word " Love " was inscribed in large letters of gold coins. The Metropolitan Tabernacle has kept its original aroma through all its pastors.

Dr. Dixon is a racy expounder. His addresses are all a gleam with telling illustrations, many of them American. He sometimes turns round to the platform and says with an inimitable twinkle, " I wonder if the Bench of Theologians here could throw light on this problem." The audience, unaccustomed to this, enjoys it.

Dr. J. Stuart Holden is dressed in a coat of many colours. He is Editor of *The Christian*, Director of the China Inland Mission, Vicar of a large Church in London, and does as much other work as would tax any ordinary man. Many men would be glad to know his secret. He camps out with young University men at Keswick, and takes to tennis outfit as if he had been born in it. He hails from Liverpool and began life there in a Bank. He was converted when he was still a schoolboy at the Liverpool College. He graduated at Cambridge. With a company of like-minded men he maintained a vigorous evangelistic work in the University during the years of his residence. He married a Scotch lady, the daughter of a Glasgow shipowner (Mr. John Galloway) who was a devoted Christian, an artist, an evangelist, and a well-known philanthropist. Mr. Galloway set up in Ayrshire a home for destitute children, which was a very Sanctuary to those waifs.

Dr. Stuart Holden has travelled widely, preaching the Gospel and addressing Conferences. By a very

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direct act of God's Providence he was, by a few hours only, hindered from sailing on the ill-fated *Titanic* when that splendid Greyhound went down in the Atlantic with over a thousand lives.

His trenchant style cuts like an axe. He gives shrewd blows, and in the perfection of manner. He can sheathe a point of irony in a word, and condense a considered judgment in a phrase. He is a master in contrasting and balanced sentences. Yet no one can listen to him without feeling that these scenic effects and contrasts are not the main thing with him. Inside all his swift and rich style there is a heavenly passion that burns himself and moves his audience.

Some of those addresses so ring with the thrust and crash of steel that one would think the Rest of Faith had been thrown into remote perspective. But it is not. Toil and Endurance are urged, as is natural for one who mingles with overflowing vigorous young life. Within these things he introduces the essence of the Keswick position, that Christ is our Sanctification.

The Rev. J. B. Figgis spoke with mellowness and was highly regarded. He was born in the Episcopal Church of Ireland, but some of the Church doctrines perplexed him. His was not a mere garmenture of honesty. He was honesty throughout. Not in a mere surge of courage, but with deep conviction he left his Church. He loved the men he left behind. He was too high-brow to entertain unbrotherly feelings. In his last letter to me he spoke admiringly of those men. Those dark-fringed eyes of his were pools of thought, and his mind was as warm as a

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smile. He joined the Lady Huntington Connexion, was called to Brighton where he ministered for over half a century. His book "Keswick from Within" gives a digest of wise sayings. It reveals much rummaging, and labour of love. Quite recently Mr. Figgis, amid honour and love, was called to "The Land of Far Distances."

The Rev. George Litchfield, Vicar of Sidmouth, was a great favourite. His fireside talks at our Ministers' House-parties were creamy. He was a personal friend of Bishop Hannington and of Mackay of Uganda. It was in India he met an old missionary who opened up to him the wonders of daily victory in Christ. It brought a new day. Once he was selected to go abroad as a mission worker. He agreed. Morning by morning, as on a blackboard, stood out clearly in his mind the message given him for the day. At first it startled him, and he wondered. After a few days he began to look for it. The sermons he carried from home remained unspoken. The itinerary, the messages, and all the *etceteras*, came to him as gifts of God. His addresses at our Convention were pressed as from his heart, and were dipped in oil of Olivet. They were eminently practical and came to us closely and on foot.

The Rev. S. D. Gordon of the many Sheaves of "Short Talks," spoke in 1910. In his keen American way he dressed the stories of the Bible in up-to-date coat and colour. No faded garment from the ark was in his wardrobe. Every stitch was brand new, and was most worthy and becoming. Some of the illustrations he used moved and haunted, by their

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deep pathos. One of them was the lame girl who gave all she had for Christ's work. She put her crutches into the missionary plate !

The Rev. Seth Joshua is a Welshman. He came to Bridge-of-Allan once under Mr. McIntyre's wing. It was shortly after the Welsh Revival. There was eagerness to hear his account of it. With soft and restrained voice he told in the calmest fashion things he had seen and heard. There was a most unusual stir. The whole audience took suddenly to their knees, and the place was at once in a buzz of prayer. That hour is spoken of to this day. It is marked by a halo in many memories.

The Rev. Joseph Kemp of Edinburgh, now of New York, helped the Cause by Bible studies contributed to the pages of the *Life of Faith*. He also spoke from the platform.

The Rev. James S. Rae of Newington, Edinburgh, was most hearty in the Convention service, and spoke with great acceptance. He had a soul of rare geniality. He died some years ago.

Dr. T. W. White of Caversham, an Anglo-Indian, gave addresses of great power. It was in Scotland, many years before, that he came into the movement, and he was instrumental in kindling others. He entered within the Shining Walls only a few months ago.

Mr. Spencer Walton was converted to Christ by a monk. He was a shipping merchant in London, an incorrigible optimist, and one of the merriest saints on earth. Father Ignatius was the monk. Mr. Walton gave up business and instituted the South Africa

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General Mission. Andrew Murray and he were great friends. The great burden of Mr. Walton's message was the sinfulness of sin. Many tears and sobs and groans marked his evangelistic services. This at meetings of a man of boyish laughter and rollicking fun created much surprise. At Bridge-of-Allan Convention he was first-rate. He brought his fishing rod, as became one who had so swinging an interest in life. His passion for souls was great. He passed away in mid-life.

The Rev. L. G. Buchanan is a Vicar in Hull. He is a student of mental processes. I have heard an address from him that would have pleased a University class in psychology. He said once that his own experience enabled him to sympathize with men who had the joy of victory, and carried, at the same time, a shadow of dread in the region of the sub-conscious! Mr. Buchanan impressed by his sure step and his practical applications. His illustrations were never hackneyed. Here is a sample. Life is like its own initial capital letter "L." There is the upward stroke which connects me with God, and the horizontal stroke which connects me with men. Both are necessary. If you separate them, the upward stroke become "I"—Self, mere self. The horizontal stroke becomes a mere dash, which means the thing has gone out!

The Rev. E. L. Hamilton of Bath deals mostly in the ethics of Sanctification. I heard him say, "If you ever wish to find me, look up the Sermon on the Mount. I dwell there." To hear him on the Unjust Steward cooking his accounts showed his incisive

Other Speakers

stroke. But it is the nobler side that attracts him. He has some striking stories of children which he tells well. There was, for example, the young girl who was tempted. She said to Jesus that when the tempter came round again she wished Him to answer the door. Satan came, as expected, and knocked. Jesus went and opened. When Satan saw Jesus he touched his cap and said, "Pardon, I've come to the wrong door." That is the Keswick doctrine put pictorially.

The Rev. Charles Robson was selected one year for the prominent service of the Bible Readings. They were on the Epistles of St. Peter. He serves on the Council of the Convention.

The Rev. Donald Frazer, who carries Livingstonia as a live coal in his breast, spoke from the platform. He had been in the movement from his student days.

The Rev. John McNeill leavened his Convention addresses with much humour and eye-filling pathos.

The Rev. William Muir, who was minister successively at Muthill, Glasgow, Blairgowrie, Rothesay, and Shawlands, joined us and spoke.

Rev. David Francis of Raith, Rev. John Sloan, Rev. A. T. Donald of Mertoun, and Mr. W. A. Campbell, Glasgow, and others identified themselves warmly with the movement.

The Rev. F. W. Ainley left a fine impression. His address on "Christ making the best of us" was delightfully encouraging. That on the "Christian as a Candle" was searching. (1) The Candle was of no use until it was lighted. (2) It was lighted by another light. (3) Everything in the Candle went to flame.

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- (4) It burned equally and steadily to the last.
- (5) The cost to the Candle was its own absolute effacement. These points were aptly enforced.

Mr. Ainley worked in London, but is now Vicar of a beautiful parish, not far from Peterborough.

PART VII

Conclusion of the First Stage and Opening of the Second

THE Scottish Convention had been held for five years only when the question arose of making it peripatetic. It was to move around, one year in this town, and another in that. There were attractions in the suggestion. Attractions notwithstanding, it did not commend itself.

Instead, it was decided that a smaller tent than the first should be hired, as the first had ceased to be filled. Calder of Leith provided a smaller at the annual rent of £125.

This tent served for some years. The attendances, however, did not fill it. They tended rather towards shrinkage. The cost of the tent was also felt, and sites appreciated in value. The Museum Hall was then thought of. It was quite close to the Convention Park. Application for it resulted in its being secured at a most economical figure. The Hall was sufficient in size. Its inside was planted all round with classical statuary which did not always help the addresses. That pagan fringe diverted some of the young and offended some of the old. But these contributions to the Syndicate of Objection did not rise to any size. The side rooms were useful for side meetings. People preferred the tent, but they got used to the Hall.

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Again the idea of a tent emerged. A friend offered the use of one. That offer was accepted, and once more the Convention had a canvas tabernacle. But it was not the Convention's property. Mr. R. B. Stewart, who was then Treasurer, urged the purchase of a tent, and soon raised the needed money. A commodious tent, admirably adapted in every way, was bought. A suitable site for it was found. The proprietor of the site made one condition. He was anxious that the Museum Trustees should not suffer by the Convention's flitting to his ground. The condition consisted in the payment to the Museum of their usual charge. So the Convention paid a rent for the Hall which it did not use!

The fixing and inviting of speakers comes up year by year as a necessary work of the Executive. It has often been felt that a larger infusion of Scotsmen would be desirable. That desire still waits.

When war broke out in 1914 the Convention park and site were given over to the Military. Other available sites were looked at. They all had disadvantages. The available Boarding Houses were said to be in request by Army officers. That made accommodation precarious. It seemed to the Committee that Providence said, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this Mount. Turn you, take your journey and go." Various places were suggested, Crieff among them. That was the home of one of the most faithful of our Committee, Mr. D. Keith Murray. Mr. R. B. Stewart and Mr. G. G. Brown were asked to go to Crieff to prospect, inquire and report. At a meeting of Committee held at Hillfoot, the beautiful

Conclusion and Opening of Second Stage

country house of Mr. R. B. Stewart, the Committee met. It was a fine day in March, 1915. The report of the deputation was submitted. The South Church at Crieff would be gladly given for the meetings by the Rev. Hunter Smith. The Hydropathic Management would provide accommodation for about 100 in their Establishment. There was no possible site for a tent. After earnest and prayerful consideration it was decided that Crieff should be chosen. That meeting of the Committee at Hillfoot was composed of our host, Mr. R. B. Stewart, Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, Dr. Smellie, Mr. Duncan McLaren, Rev. John Young (Greenock), Mr. William Nairn, Mr. David Keith Murray, Rev. James E. Houston, Mr. George Graham Brown, Mr. Hugh Brown and the writer. It was an important decision. It meant the lifting of our stakes. Scotland's Keswick was leaving its first Home, and first Homes are like first Loves. The first Convention was held at Bridge-of-Allan in 1892, and its twenty-third in 1914—a number that compelled us into another twenty-third, even that psalm of mercies in which the soul sings its song of trust. As we parted from this scene of our twenty-three Conventions, we stepped afresh into that twenty-third psalm in which Hope shines bright.

“Crossing our Jordan” into a new field we went to Crieff with these as our officials: Mr. R. B. Stewart, Chairman and Convener; Mr. G. Graham Brown, Secretary; Mr. Hugh Brown, Treasurer; all of them greatly beloved, and all three, citizens of the Western Metropolis where they are held in public esteem.

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It is befitting before these pages close to say a few words of one or two helpers who have gone, whose names can never be forgotten.

Lord Overtoun was one of the original Committee. His lofty Christian character and fragrant Christian service gave him a great place in Christian hearts. His generosity was unstinted, and his noble-minded lady is keeping up the beautiful character of Overtoun House with its royal dispensations of help.

Mr. John Colville, M.P., of Cleland House, was dearly beloved as an earnest soul-winner and helper of good causes. He addressed meetings at Keswick. His widow has walked in all these ways and has laboured in season and out.

Sir Alexander R. Simpson, Edinburgh, Professor of Medicine, was a Physician beloved. He was one of the original Committee, always and ever a great Encourager.

Mr. John Galloway, shipowner, who had connection with Bridge-of-Allan, was deeply interested in the Cause. He gave much help, and his family have never ceased to give their countenance and service.

Mr. John Macfarlane, Manager of Drummond's Tract Depot at Stirling, was a wholehearted consecrated helper. He was on the Committee at its start, as was also the Rev. Andrew Carter of Bridge-of-Allan.

Scotland's Keswick drew its Committee from all over Scotland. It aimed at having a wide representation. The first Committee consisted of twenty-seven members—fourteen ministers and thirteen laymen. Of the original total of twenty-seven there

Conclusion and Opening of Second Stage

remain ten only. The deaths among the clerical reached a higher proportion than among the lay members. Four ministers survive—Dr. Elder Cumming, Dr. George Wilson, Rev. James E. Houston and Rev. John Young of Greenock. Five laymen remain—Lord Kinnaird, Messrs. W. A. Campbell, John E. Dovey, Duncan McLaren, and D. Keith Murray.

Younger recruits have joined the Cause, and in great heart and confidence they march forward.

Since removing the Convention habitation from Bridge-of-Allan to Crieff new speakers have come to us with freshness and attraction. The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton is a bundle of blessings. He is a North of Ireland man, full of ballast, full of fun, rich in truth, and sparkling all over. The Rev. J. Russell Howden is a Vicar in Wolverhampton. He had a training in professional business in London before he entered the ministry. His clear vision, his frankness and his tremendous earnestness are notable. The Rev. Cecil Wilson is a Vicar in Bath. He helped many.

The attendances have been larger at Crieff. The Master's Presence has been enjoyed.

Now unto Him Who is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God and our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. Amen.

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